

Alabama College
THE STATE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Bulletin



ALABAMA FEATURE PAGE

Alabama

FEATURE PAGE

A digest of scripts written and presented by HELEN PARISH, FAYE GRIDER, and other students of the RADIO WORKSHOP, Speech Department, Alabama College.

EDITED BY MARYLAND WILSON
Radio Director, Alabama College

Broadcast from the campus studios in Montevallo, over WAPI, Birmingham, and affiliated stations of the Alabama network—

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PREFACE

♦ ♦ ♦ **I**N RESPONSE to requests received almost daily since Alabama College first published a digest of scripts broadcast on *Alabama Woman's Page* in 1944-45, this second volume, highlighting programs broadcast on this series during its second and third year on the air, is sent you now.

Changing its name during the session just past to *Alabama Feature Page*, the program has continued to present stories of Alabama people, places, and events in the news. Care has been exercised to verify facts wherever possible, but sources often disagree, and this booklet is in no way intended as a history of Alabama.

As in 1944-45, scripts during 1945-46 were written by Helen Parrish, while many of those broadcast during 1946-47 were written by Faye Grider, both students in the Radio Workshop of Alabama College. It is to the students enrolled in the Workshop as a whole, however, that much of the credit for these programs belongs; for it was they who furnished the leads and carried out the necessary research.

Appreciation is also due those many members of the faculty and off-campus guests who graciously appeared on these programs; and a special vote of thanks is due Miss Ellen-Haven Gould, head of the Department of Speech, and Dr. Hallie Farmer, head of the Department of History, for countless valuable suggestions throughout the three years this series has been on the air.

With gratitude to you, our listeners, whose encouragement has made this booklet possible, we send you now your copy together with our greeting and the hope that you will continue to be with us at 1070 on your dial.


MARYLAND WILSON
Radio Director, Alabama College

July 1, 1947
Montevallo, Alabama

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Huntsville, One of Alabama's Oldest Cities, Prepares for Peacetime Prosperity

OCTOBER 5, 1945

♦ ♦ ♦ **S**INCE ALABAMA first came into existence as a part of the territory of the United States, there have been a great many changes in her and in the lives of her people. Together the state and people have come through these changes triumphant. For example, there were times in the early 1800's when Alabama was being settled, that new people from all walks of life came together in a vast primitive wilderness . . . They faced struggles against nature, the Indians, and often against themselves. But always they came through.

Then followed periods when Alabama prospered. The state capitol at Cahaba was the center of all important events. . .

But there came days when Alabama forgot her joy. The dark clouds of the War Between the States hung overhead, and once again hardships came to Alabama. During the war, calico was \$10 a yard, sugar was \$15 to \$20 a pound, and shoes for adults were \$150. Alabama cities were invaded, and the young men and boys—those who had planned so eagerly for the future—went away to meet their enemy.

But the war didn't last forever. There came peace, and with it a desire on the part of everyone to build up a new state and a new country—one in which there would be security for all time to come. Somehow, somewhere those people failed along the way; and there was another war, and then another.

Now at last we are once again on the threshold of a lasting peace. The post-war world that we have thought and dreamed about for four long years is a reality. No longer do we have to work to supply our armies with the implements of death and destruction. Our job now is to plan the implements of peace, understanding, and improvement for our country. The key word of the moment is reconversion.

And so, we here in Alabama have begun another change. To give you a slight idea of the tremendous plans that are being made for the betterment of the state, let us mention briefly these current

items: work on a superhighway system totaling 810 miles of high-speed traffic lanes is expected to begin within a few months; the Southern Research Institute has decided to launch a \$2,500,000 fund-raising campaign to enable it to expand its equipment and engage in more fundamental research in the raw materials of the South; plans have just been made by the State Chamber of Commerce concerning a long-range rural housing improvement program on Alabama farms; the State Planning Board has tentatively allotted \$40,000 to help the cities of Alabama start industrial expansion; and last, Birmingham was assured new growth and increased importance last week when the T. C. I. announced an \$8,000,000 expansion program, and a record-breaking number of building permits were issued.

Of course, these things all sound mighty good to the people of this state. We've waited four long years for the chance to grow and build ourselves up. But have you ever stopped to think that while we've talked and planned so much for our growth after the war, we have really done more growing during the war than ever before in our history?

Our population has increased tremendously; new industries have sprung up; and great war plants have been established that helped in almost unbelievable ways to win the peace. It's about one of these plants, the Redstone Arsenal at Huntsville, that we want to talk for just a few minutes today.

Of course while the war was going on, everyone in Alabama knew that Redstone was producing war materials; but it's only been within the past few weeks that we've found out anything about what it was producing. For instance, now it can be told how Redstone Arsenal put out a container for firing propaganda and information leaflets, medical supplies, and blood plasma to locations on the fighting fronts.

Then other things produced were chemical artillery ammunition, rifle grenades for dispersing smoke and gas, and mortar artillery; and at the most critical period of the war, an average of twenty carloads of finished ammunition was shipped daily—that's about 3,000 tons of materials every day! On many days as high as fifty carloads were shipped.

Without these necessary war items our soldiers might not have won the peace when they did; so Alabama can certainly be proud that one of our cities and hundreds of our people, by working to-

gether, had a hand in the victory. But now once again we come to the subject of reconversion. The war is over, and Redstone Arsenal, like other war plants throughout the country, is going to be reduced in size and functions. . . .

This does not mean there are critical times ahead for Huntsville, however; for, unlike many places, she didn't wait until the end of the war to begin her post-war planning. The term "ghost-town" will never be applied to this Alabama city, because now there are three hundred openings for unskilled labor at the U. S. Employment Service office in Huntsville; and furthermore, a shoe manufacturing plant, a farm implement factory, and a concrete block industry are preparing to go into production within a very few weeks. These will employ about six hundred workers. . . .

The leadership that Huntsville is taking is just a repetition of the great things that she has already accomplished. Huntsville was settled in 1805 by John Hunt, a Virginia Revolutionary War veteran, and it is said, the former operator of a castor oil shop. It was the site of the first Constitutional Convention of Alabama; the first State Legislature met there; six governors lived there; it was the home of General John Hunt Morgan; John McKinley, Supreme Court Justice; and Dr. Thomas Fearn, who made many important experiments in treating malaria with quinine. Also, two people with whom we today are better acquainted were born there—Miss Howard Weeden, poet, and Tallulah Bankhead, one of the country's leading actresses.

Well, a city that can boast a list like that really shows its importance, doesn't it? We wonder if Huntsville's rapid growth could have had anything to do with the fact that it was first settled by a war veteran. Perhaps not, but anyway it's a thought for the veterans of this war to keep in mind. . . .

Today people are urging that our veterans return to school and complete their education . . . There is a school in Birmingham which many veterans may like because it differs from just a reading, writing, and arithmetic institution. It is the Paul Hayne Vocational School, and its job is to train men for quick employment. One hundred-and-twenty-five trades are taught there, and a man can choose just what he is most interested in. There are courses in radio, refrigeration, machinery, and commercial art. Also, and this is the best part about the Paul Hayne School, a man may work in a Birmingham firm and at the same time be receiving from the school all phases of the trade which he is seeking to master. . . .

Little Towns Make Contributions to Our State and Nation . . . Stories of Enterprise, Huntsville, Eufaula

OCTOBER 12, 1945

♦ ♦ ♦ **D**URING THE YEARS that we have been at war, many Alabama children have been inspired by the things that Alabama people have done toward making the peace. There have been Congressional Medal of Honor winners Commander David McCampbell, Major Charles Davis, Captain W. R. Lawley, Jr., Lieutenant Cecil Bolton, and Sergeant Paul Bolden. For their great deeds they will go down in the history of this state.

But all of the contributions to the war effort haven't been just by the people. The large cities and towns come in for much of the credit too. For instance, there was the B-29 base at Maxwell Field; the Redstone Arsenal at Huntsville, and the huge shipyards and the aluminum plant at Mobile. All these places, by pooling their resources and manpower, will also be in history books someday.

But suppose in the years to come, we here in Alabama look back and remember only the biggest places and the most important people? We mustn't do that, because it's the small towns and their little people that are the real backbone of America. It's those who have sent their sons away from home for the first time who have made heartbreaking contributions to the war effort. Let us mention briefly some of the men from small towns in Alabama.

There is Staff Sergeant Curtis W. Johnson, of Section, Alabama, a little farming village on the top of Sand Mountain in Jackson County, who received the Silver Star for gallantry. During a battle on Mindanao he made two trips in the face of continued enemy fire to remove two wounded men to places of safety.

Then there is Corporal Dudley W. Atkins, of Millport. He was cited for devotion to duty in delivering food and ammunition to his organization under fire, and now holds the Bronze Star, the Purple Heart Medal, and three battle stars.

Also we ought to mention Staff Sergeant William T. Hitt of Woodstock, who spent thirty months in the European theatre, won

the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal with seven clusters, and was finally taken prisoner by the Germans.

And last, there is Marine Pvt. Elwood Smith of Guin, who has just been liberated, after four long years, from a Japanese prison camp.

Well, what do you think? Shouldn't we remember these men, too, for what they do toward winning the peace? And they're not all—just look around you and you'll find them everywhere in every town and city.

But you know, we should be interested in our small cities and towns for something other than just the fact that their men have made contributions to the war effort. There are many fascinating stories about these places themselves. For instance, how many of you knew that there's a town in Alabama which was settled by Russian immigrants in 1902? Its name is Brookside, and the people there always celebrate Christmas on January 7 because that was their custom in Russia.

Ceremonies begin on the evening of January 6 when young people in costumes of the Three Wise Men and Angels parade through the streets chanting carols and bearing a miniature manger. At midnight young and old assemble in a small frame Russian Orthodox Church while chimes welcome the Christmas Day.

Then there's another story about Enterprise, Alabama, the only place in the world that has a monument glorifying a pest. Does that sound strange? Well, here is how it happened. Back in 1915, the chief crop of Southeast Alabama was cotton. Everybody raised it, and the people cared little or nothing about learning to raise other things. But then came the year that the boll weevil made his appearance in Alabama, and at once the cotton yield was cut about sixty per cent.

Planters were literally knocked off their feet, but still they wouldn't give up. The next year they planted cotton again, and the same thing happened. At last, with bankruptcy staring them in the face, the farmers decided that something must be done; and so they turned to diversified farming. For the first time in the history of the cotton-growing section, corn, potatoes, peanuts, sugar cane, and hay began to assume importance as farm crops; and in 1917, Coffee County alone grew and harvested more than a million bushels of peanuts.

So prosperity came to Southeast Alabama once again, and the citizens of Enterprise, in sincere gratitude to the boll weevil who had caused such an agricultural revolution, erected a monumental fountain to its memory. On the base of the beautiful fountain is this inscription: "In profound appreciation of the boll weevil and what it has done as the herald of prosperity."

Today three peanut processing plants at Enterprise handle approximately half of the country's yield; and one of the largest peanut butter plants in the United States, located there, ships almost a carload of peanut butter daily.

Now since we seem to be off on the subject of how Alabama towns pay homage to different things, let us tell you about the time that the people of Huntsville entertained for a cow. Yes, we said a cow! It so happened that in 1893 Samuel H. Moore, a wealthy sportsman and legislator, entered his fine Jersey cow, Lily Flag, in the Chicago Fair. She won first prize, and Moore was so pleased that he decided that she should be honored.

Formal invitations, bearing Lily Flag's picture and record, were sent to prominent residents of Madison County, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. Many people came to the unusual reception; and there, under a bower of roses in an improvised stable in the ballroom, stood the prize-winning cow, while the guests marched past her to the tune of an Italian orchestra.

Since we've told you of a cow and the boll weevil being honored, let us tell you also about a tree in Eufaula that owns itself. In 1935 the city of Eufaula, through its mayor, recorded a deed which read in part: "We do hereby grant unto the 'Post Oak Tree', as a creation and gift of the Almighty, the right to have and to hold itself, its branches, limbs, trunk and roots so long as it shall live."

Naval History Honors Richmond Pearson Hobson . . . Alabama Ships . . . Coffee County . . .
Thomas M. Owen, Founder, Department of
Archives and History

OCTOBER 26, 1945

♦ ♦ ♦ **H**ELLO AGAIN, everyone! Are you all pretty much excited over the prospects of tomorrow? Now don't tell me you've forgotten that it's Navy Day . . . and it's only fair to tell you about some of the Alabama naval heroes of the past. There was Lieutenant William T. Glassell, of Livingston. He was the commander of the first torpedo boat ever made; Admiral Raphael Semmes, commander of the *Alabama* in its battle with the *Kearsarge*, during the War Between the States; and then of course there was Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, of Greensboro, who is famous for the sinking of the *Merrimac*.

Perhaps you've often heard, as I have, that the ship destroyed by Captain Hobson at Santiago Bay was the same one that engaged in the historic duel with the *Monitor*. Well, if you read the "Believe It or Not" column in Sunday's paper, you know now that this couldn't possibly be true because there actually never was a battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. The ship that fought the *Monitor* was named the *Virginia*.

During the War Between the States, the United States Navy had a ship called the *Merrimac*. It was intended for use against the Confederate fleet; but when the capture of Norfolk navy yard became imminent, the Union sank the ship to keep her from falling into enemy hands. The Confederates came in, raised the ship, refitted her with an iron-clad super-structure, and renamed her the *Virginia*. This was the ship that took part in the duel with the *Monitor* on March 9, 1862. Our state played her part in this fight through the cooperation of Shelby, Alabama, because the iron that plated the *Virginia* was mined and smelted at this little town.

Now we come to the Richmond Pearson Hobson story. In 1898 the Spanish-American War was being fought. Most of the American fleet was in Cuban waters near Santiago, trying desperately to engage the Spanish ships in a battle. This was proving to be a rather difficult thing to do, however, because the Spaniards ran their ships

into Santiago Bay and wouldn't come out. Since it was impossible for the American fleet to enter the bay, Commander R. A. Sampson decided that if the Spanish ships wanted to stay in the bay, he would help them out by bottling them up so they couldn't get out. The only way in which this could be accomplished was by sinking a ship across the narrow harbor entrance. The *Merrimac*, an old broken down U. S. ship loaded with coal, was selected as the vessel to be used. Then the commander called for volunteers to go forth and sink the ship. Out of the men that volunteered, Richmond Pearson Hobson and six others were chosen.

So, at three o'clock in the morning, the men boarded the *Merrimac* and started for the bay. As they drew nearer, they could see the lights of the Spanish forts that lined the entrance; and farther on, the city of Santiago was visible. Then suddenly the enemy saw the American ship and opened fire. Somehow, Hobson managed to sail the *Merrimac* through the pounding guns until he reached the spot where it was to be sunk. Then he set off an internal torpedo, and the ship exploded. This wasn't the end of the Spanish fleet, however, as it is commonly supposed, because the *Merrimac* didn't sink squarely as Hobson had planned for her to do. Instead, she sank at an angle; and the Spanish vessels were able to come out around her sides and continue the fight. It was later that they were overtaken and destroyed.

While we're telling you this story about Richmond Pearson Hobson, let us add something else—for his daring above and beyond the call of duty, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor by the President of the United States. But—and this is the unusual fact about the award—he received it thirty-five years after he had so courageously sunk the *Merrimac*! You see, the battle at Santiago had been almost forgotten except by historians until 1933 when Congressman Oliver, from Alabama, started proceedings to have a truly great American receive the award to which he was so rightfully entitled.

So as you can see, it's easy to become confused on historical matters. For instance, have you heard the story about the county seats of Coffee County? Yes, we did say "seats", because there are two of them. Before we start, and before any citizens of Coffee raise objections, let us say that we have no proof that the story is correct. However, we think it is amusing enough to pass along as it was told to us.

It seems that the original county seat of Coffee was located at Wellborn; but in 1851 the courthouse and all county records were destroyed by fire; so the seat was moved to Elba. There it remained until 1929 when Elba was almost destroyed by a flood. Some of the people then suggested that, since Elba was in no condition to take care of the county's business, a new county seat should be named. And so Enterprise was chosen as a substitute. The town of Enterprise was quite happy over the change, but the people of Elba were most definitely against it. With both towns arguing for retaining the county's administrative offices, a compromise was reached. Now both towns have courthouses, and county officials spend half the week in Elba and the other half in Enterprise. This is the story that was given to us; and there must be some truth in it; because if you'll take a look at a map of Alabama, you'll see that both Elba and Enterprise are marked as county seats of Coffee County.

You know, it's not always easy to find out about stories like this. Sometimes they are told by people who were actual witnesses at the scenes of the events; sometimes they are handed down from one generation to another; or perhaps they are found in old newspapers and books. We today are prone to accept written records more than any other, and we should be proud that "Alabama was the first state in the Union to establish a department of Archives and History as a part of the executive branch of the state government."¹ As we look at the beautiful Archives building today, or walk through its rooms of historic treasures, how many of us ever stop to think about the years of careful study and dogged determination that its founder, Thomas M. Owen, put into it?

Many years ago when Mr. Owen was a Montgomery lawyer and businessman, he walked into the state capitol one day and found that a folder of telegrams—a part of the state's official records—was being used as a doorstep. This disturbing discovery led him to investigate further; and he found crowded into old filing cabinets, stacked on dusty shelves, and piled in damp storage rooms of the capitol, all the rest of our public documents, papers, and records—the fundamental source of information concerning the history of Alabama's people.

Thomas Owen began work to establish a department that would care for these priceless items in the proper manner. People throughout Alabama became interested in his work; and finally in

¹Owen, Marie Bankhead: *Alabama: A Social and Economic History of the State*, p. 30.

1901, the first Department of Archives was established for the purpose of collecting and maintaining all records and historical items of the state of Alabama.

Unfortunately, Thomas M. Owen never saw the realization of his dream of a complete building devoted to the vast store of Alabama documents; for in 1920 he died. The work was not dropped, however, but was continued by his wife, Mrs. Marie Bankhead Owen. Through her efforts, the year of 1941 saw the completion of a beautiful building to house Alabama's treasures.

Today our Archives building is one of the most interesting spots in all the state, and thousands of people have come there to study relics of the past. For example—all of us know of William Rufus King, Vice-President of the United States from Alabama. Many of us have visited his grave in Selma, but there preserved for us the Archives and History Department, is a more personal contact—the furniture and silver service presented to him by the French Government, the clothes he wore, and the papers he wrote.

Hardly a school boy missed seeing in history books the familiar picture of the *Alabama* being blown up by an aerial bomb during the first experiment in aerial warfare. In Montgomery there may be found a model of the ship made by one of the crew and furnishings that were used by the men who sailed her. These things form only a small part of the relics preserved for generations of the future. . . .

Spies Clinic Advances Medical Research . . . Outstanding Doctors of Alabama Include Hill, Wyeth, Sims, and William Crawford Gorgas

NOVEMBER 2, 1945

♦ ♦ ♦ **T**HE OTHER DAY we read a new bulletin issued by the State Planning Board. In it the Board outlines a brand-new health program for the people of this state, and it will take the form of general hospitals scattered throughout Alabama. . . .

Another example of our state health program may be seen in the Spies Clinic at Hillman Hospital in Birmingham. The work done there, however, was begun when Dr. Tom Spies came to Birmingham in 1936. In those days one of the most prevalent diseases in the South was pellagra, and thousands of people died from it every year.

Dr. Spies had been interested in this disease since boyhood; and throughout his medical student days at Harvard, he was always on the alert for information concerning it. His first clue to a possible cure for pellagra came from a study of habitual alcoholics afflicted with this disease. He was already aware that when alcoholics drank, they didn't eat; so he started experiments where he fed these people on diets high in calories, proteins, minerals, and vitamins. To the amazement of everyone, the alcoholics soon recovered almost entirely from the pellagra. In this way, Dr. Spies established the fact that the disease was a direct result of nutritional deficiencies.

Not so long after this, Dr. Spies and several of his associates came to Birmingham and established a clinic for the express purpose of seeking answers to other diseases caused by lack of proper diet. Since then, they have discovered that certain eye disturbances could be cured by the administration of riboflavin, and also that anemias may be controlled by the use of synthetic folic acid. We're afraid we don't know enough about medicine to explain exactly how these new discoveries act upon the human body and effect a cure; so we'll just say this—since 1936, when Dr. Tom Spies came to Birmingham, more than 35,000 cases of nutritional deficiency

diseases have been treated; and out of that number, there has not been a single death. With such advances in the medical field going on every day, Alabama has a great future before her—one of peace and health.

But while we're talking about the famous doctors of today, let's not forget those of the past. . . There was Dr. Luther Hill, who sutured the human heart for the first time; and Dr. John Allen Wyeth, who established the Polyclinical Medical School and Hospital in New York, and also introduced post-graduate medical instruction in the United States. Then too, we ought to mention Dr. James Marion Sims, and General William Crawford Gorgas.

Let us tell you a little about these last two men. James Marion Sims is claimed by three different states as well as by several countries in Europe, but he has gone down in the history of Alabama because it was here that he made his greatest contributions to medicine. He was born in South Carolina, and attended the Charleston Medical College and the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia.

When his education was finally completed, he returned home as a full-fledged doctor and set up a practice. However, the great success that he had expected did not come. His first patient died without warning, and his second didn't linger very long after he was called on the case. Such a twist of fate could discourage anyone, and Dr. Sims was no exception. He tore down his shingle, threw it in a well, and announced to his parents that he was going to leave his country for his country's sake and establish a home in the Far West—Alabama.

So the man who was someday to become one of the world's greatest doctors came to this state and settled in Montgomery County. He opened a practice once again, and started experimenting on the many diseases that affected women. People had such little faith in his work that the only help he could get was from almost incurably ill slaves bought from owners who were anxious to get rid of them. . . .

He performed the first drainage case of an appendiceal abscess ever recorded; he was the first to successfully treat club feet; and he was acclaimed throughout the world for his amazing treatments of women's diseases.

Then there was William Crawford Gorgas, of Toulminville, near Mobile. In his early life this great doctor had a passion for

anything that had to do with battles and soldiers; and he spent long hours listening to his father, General Josiah Gorgas, telling fascinating stories about West Point. An amusing little episode has come down through history concerning this love for adventure. It seems that his mother, who was very religious, was delighted to find that the boy's favorite reading matter was the Bible. Again and again she came upon him, lying on the floor, carefully reading the sacred volume. Not until later did she learn that the boy was reading the Bible so devotedly because he was spellbound by the battles of the Israelites.

The first sign that William Gorgas might someday become a doctor was shown when the War Between the States came along. Times became hard then; food and clothes were scarce; and Confederate soldiers moved the streets ragged and unshod. The young boy became stirred with sympathy for the people who were enduring such sufferings, and he wanted desperately to do something to help them. So he went to the public parks and helped feed returned prisoners; he assisted his mother in her daily rounds of the hospitals; and once he even insisted on going barefooted for a whole winter because he felt that it wasn't right for him to have such luxuries when others had so little.

However, in spite of the fact that his desire to help people was strong, the excitement of army life was still stronger; and when the time came for the boy to choose a career, he decided on West Point. At his son's insistence, Gen. Gorgas made the application for an appointment; and then, to the surprise of everyone, William Gorgas was denied the right to enter West Point because of his Confederate ties.

The only way left for him to pursue a military career was to enter the army under another branch, and so he chose the medical corps. For the first few years Gorgas lived the everyday matter-of-fact life of an army doctor, moving around from one post to another. It was during this time that he was first called upon to help combat yellow fever at Fort Brown, Texas.

The work done there gained for him a reputation in army circles; and, as a result, he was later sent to Cuba to stamp out yellow fever there. Well, Gorgas worked unsuccessfully for many heartbreaking months until finally, in 1901, he discovered that the disease could be prevented by completely draining all pools of water where the yellow fever mosquito might breed. Through his great

work in this field, the building of the Panama Canal was possible without the loss of lives that otherwise would have occurred.

In recognition of his contribution to the field, William Crawford Gorgas' rank was raised to that of a Major-General; and countries all over the world sent for his help in solving their health problems. Perhaps the highest honor that was paid to the General came just before his death in London. As he lay ill in an English hospital, he received a visit from none other than the king himself—George V, who bestowed upon him the honorary order of knighthood.¹

Here in the United States, our most recent recognition of the work done by General Gorgas was the establishment of the Gorgas medal in 1942. Every year the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States presents the medal to the man who has done the most outstanding work on preventive medicine for our armed forces. . . .

¹Gorgas, Marie D., and Hendrick, Burton J.: *William Crawford Gorgas*, p. 338.

Alabamians Named to Hall of Fame . . .

Former Faculty Member Achieves Distinction . . . Alabama Colony in Brazil

NOVEMBER 16, 1945

♦ ♦ ♦ **S**INCE THE BEGINNING of our nation's history, we in America have been great believers in all sorts of customs, anniversaries, and holidays. . . We like to show our respect for those who have made contributions to our way of life, and one of the greatest ways in which we can do this is by electing a man or woman to the American Hall of Fame. Every five years the director of the Hall invites the public to nominate those who it thinks have contributed most to the growth of this country. The list of nominations is given to the Senate of the New York University, and everyone whose name is "seconded", automatically becomes a candidate.

This year one hundred and thirty names were submitted to the electors, and from them seven were chosen. We here in Alabama may be proud of the fact that two of the men to be so honored did some of their greatest work in this state.

One was Sidney Lanier, the Southern poet. Although he was a native of Georgia, he is always included in stories of Alabama literature; for it was in this state he began his career. . . The other was Booker T. Washington, Negro founder of Tuskegee Institute.

In his rise to fame, this man had more to overcome than just the difficulty of his race. He was born in Virginia during the War Between the States. His mother was the slave-cook on a large plantation, and she had little or no education at all. So in this life Booker T. Washington reached his teens, and it was during these years that he heard of a place called Hampton. There was a Negro school there, and from it he received his first education.

Later, in 1881, he was to put the principles which he learned there into use by organizing a training school in industry, agriculture, and social studies for the Negroes of Alabama. Today the whole world recognizes Booker T. Washington as the man who did more than anyone for his race; and we can say now, that

thanks to his great work, more than 20,000 Negroes have graduated from Tuskegee and gone forth to take care of the needs of their home sections.

And now while we're speaking of famous men of the past, we should tell you about one who is living today, and who is, incidentally making quite a name for himself. Several years ago the faculty and students of Alabama College knew him as Dr. John Roy Steelman, professor of sociology and economics. Today he is featured in every newspaper as the second-ranking man on the White House council, and his special job is that of being top assistant to President Truman.

Like so many men who have achieved success in various fields, John Steelman has had to work hard for everything he's attained. He was born at Thornton, Arkansas, the son of a logger. From the first his strong desire was to go out into the world and take his place as an educated man. So when he finished the local schools, he decided to attend Henderson-Brown College at Arkadelphia. To earn money for his expenses, he took a job as assistant logger and spent his summers hoboing from one camp to another.

In this way he earned his money; and after graduation from Henderson-Brown, he received his master's degree from Vanderbilt; and continued his study at George Peabody College and at Harvard, earning his doctor's degree from the University of North Carolina. From 1928 to 1934 he was a member of the Alabama College faculty; and when Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins came to Montevallo to deliver the 1934 commencement address, she was so impressed with Dr. Steelman's ability that she invited him to come to Washington and become director of the government's Department of Conciliation.

The theories and practices which Steelman advanced during the long years of settling labor disputes may still be seen today. The Labor-Management Conference which began last week follows closely the theory advanced by Steelman in 1942: "A dispute settled by the parties themselves at a conference is more enduring and leaves less bitterness than one settled by the authority of law and force."

The spirit of such cooperation between different countries can be successful too. We've seen that in the recent war, when the United Nations worked so closely together. And then, too, we can

see it in the close ties between the United States and the countries of Central and South America. . . This reminds us of an astonishing discovery we made the other day. Did you know that Alabama once played a part in the colonization of Brazil? And that there was a complete colony in that country composed of people from this state?

It all happened during the Reconstruction period after the War Between the States. The entire South faced economic ruin, and the horrors of war couldn't be easily forgotten. So, many people began looking for another place to settle, and perhaps it was only natural that they should look to South America because there were many stories of its wealth and the opportunities it afforded.

They began to ask questions about the possibility of colonizing there; and the Brazilian government, anxious to welcome new citizens, invited them to come and even chartered boats for their passage. The colonists didn't have to pay for their tickets until they had established themselves financially in their new homes. Lands were to be cheap in Brazil, too. Some lots sold for as little as twenty-two cents an acre.

With such advantages as these, nearly sixty families decided to leave Alabama and start a new colony. So on April 11, 1868, they began their voyage in an old blockade runner, landing on the twenty-ninth of May. The whole trip took them more than six weeks, and the Alabamians soon found life there wasn't easy. There was no slave labor, and they knew nothing about how to struggle with pioneer conditions themselves. They even failed in their attempts to raise coffee, Brazil's chief crop; and throughout the colony there was a feeling of homesickness.

At first they tried to ease this longing by sending their sons and daughters back to the United States to be educated. This, however, only made them more homesick; and many of them gave up; then in 1870, when the terrible days of the Reconstruction seemed to be passing, they came back to Alabama. With them came the conviction that in spite of change of fortune, the greatest opportunities were in their own state. . . .

Dr. Hallie Farmer Explains Joint Legislative Council Activities in Alabama

NOVEMBER 30, 1945

♦ ♦ ♦ **S**INCE "ALABAMA WOMAN'S PAGE" was last presented, we've been doing some reading concerning the Joint Legislative Council of Alabama, and today we've asked one of its members to explain it to us. She is Dr. Hallie Farmer, Head of the Department of History and Political Science here at Alabama College.

Dr. Farmer, our first question is what is the Joint Legislative Council?

The Joint Legislative Council is a coordinating body for those organizations in Alabama which have a state legislative program. At present there are twenty-one organizations which are allied in this organization. From A to Z, or perhaps I should say from A to W, they range from the AAUW to the Women's Christian Temperance Union. In size, the member organizations vary from the Alabama Congress of Parents and Teachers, which has a membership of over 85,000, as the largest, to the smallest which has less than fifty.

Then there's no discrimination against an organization because of its size?

No, size has nothing to do with membership. The important thing is that members must be state organizations with a legislative program which they are interested in seeing enacted into law.

And how long has the Council been active in Alabama politics?

The Joint Legislative Council is not now, and never has been active in politics. The organization is non-partisan. It has never endorsed any candidate for office, and it has never sponsored any piece of legislation before the Alabama Legislature.

Let us interrupt at this point, Dr. Farmer. Doesn't this contradict what you said in answer to our first question? You said then that the Council is composed of organizations which are interested in putting a legislative program into effect. How can they expect to get any legislation passed if they don't as you say, "play a little politics?"

All the statements I have made are absolutely true. The *Council* does not support legislation. It serves those agencies which *do* support legislation. Perhaps I can explain it better by example. Suppose that one of the members of the Council decided to sponsor a piece of legislation before the Alabama Legislature. Shall we say, for example, jury service for women?

Yes, that's something that all of us, as women, would like to hear more about.

Well, this piece of legislation has been sponsored in the past and will be sponsored in the future by the Women Lawyers of Alabama. When the Women Lawyers decided to introduce the bill, they notified the secretary of the Joint Legislative Council. In turn, the secretary notified all member organizations of the Council that the Women Lawyers were proposing to introduce a bill to permit women to serve on juries. The other member organizations examined the proposal and three of them agreed to support the Women Lawyers.

Under the rules of the Council, if three organizations wish to work for a piece of legislation, the Council will help them. Since the Women Lawyers in this case had four organizations that were willing to help, they proceeded to organize a committee to work for it, as we say in the Council, to set up a sub-committee.

The Council aided them in the organization of this committee. They furnished mailing lists, helped them mail out material, and gave advice where needed; but the only organization that really played politics in the Alabama Legislature was the sub-committee organized under the direction of the Women Lawyers. They are the people who drafted the bill. They appeared before committees, they are the people who interviewed members in the Legislature in order to get commitments.

In other words, it's not so much the Joint Legislative Council. Instead, it's the member organizations and the sub-committees.

Exactly.

Does it work?

Everything in the field of legislation is complicated. The sub-committees of the Joint Legislative Council have had their successes, and they have also had their failures. I should say that the successes

balance the failures; and invariably where we have failures, we are able to go back and discover the reasons.

I think it fair to say that in 1939 it was the vigorous cooperation of the sub-committees of the Joint Legislative Council with other interested groups which led to the creation of the present pardon and parole system and the merit system. In the last session of the legislature the Nurses Practices Act was enacted, through the work of a sub-committee of the Joint Legislative Council.

But these are the successes, Dr. Farmer. What about the failures you mentioned?

We have had our failures, of course. In every session of the Legislature we have had a sub-committee which sponsored a revision of the pure food and drug law, jury service for women, and a revision of Alabama marriage laws. So far, we have not been able to get these laws on the statute books. However, we are not discouraged. We are already planning to present them to the Legislature in 1947.

The successes of the Council so far certainly outweigh the failures. All of the sub-committees should be congratulated on a good job.

The job is not done. We have learned by sad experience that when a law is entered on the statute books, we have taken only the first step.

Do you mean there's still more work for the committees?

Yes, after the bill is enacted into law, we must then take the responsibility of seeing that this law is faithfully executed. Sometimes it needs amending. If this happens, it is the duty of the sub-committee to go before the Legislature and ask for amendments. Again, the law which has been written on the statute books is subject to attacks at future meetings of the Legislature. The sub-committee must be alert to see that the law is not sabotaged. That is, that it is not amended or changed until it is not effective.

We're beginning to see the importance of the sub-committees. But, Dr. Farmer, couldn't they function just as well without the Joint Legislative Council? Is it absolutely necessary?

But, of course, without the Joint Legislative Council there would be no sub-committees. Furthermore, the Joint Legislative Council makes other contributions to the member organizations be-

sides furnishing the machinery for the legislation. First of all, during the legislative session, it maintains in the capital a look-out committee whose business it is to keep the sub-committees informed of the status of bills before the legislature. It warns the sub-committees of dangers which seem to lie ahead of the bills. It notifies them of important committee meetings. It relays the capital gossip about the status of bills.

The second, and perhaps the most important, thing that the Joint Legislative Council does is to hold the Schools of Citizenship.

Just what kind of schools are they?

They are training schools in legislative procedure which the Joint Legislative Council holds for the member organizations. These schools, which originated in Alabama, have become very well-known through-out the country; and legislative councils in other states have adopted the schools as an integral part of their legislative work.

For a number of years prior to the war the Council held a state school of citizenship each summer on the campus of Alabama College. To this school came representatives of the member organizations for practical training in bill drafting and legislative methods and procedures.

The program was designed to be a very practical one. When the war made problems of transportation difficult, the Joint Legislative Council started grass root schools. In place of holding a single school for the entire state, a number of schools were held in different sections of the state. These have played an important part in the Legislative Education of the women of Alabama. Now that the war is over, it is possible that the council will endeavor to consolidate the two ideas—of a state school in the years in which the Legislature meets, and district schools in the alternate years.

You mentioned that other states had Citizenship Schools. Does this mean that they also have legislative councils similar to ours?

Yes, indeed. In September, 1945, which is the latest report I have, there were Legislative Councils in sixteen states, and two or three other state councils are in the process of organization.

Was Alabama the first state to have such an organization?

No. Illinois was probably the first state. However, when the various states having Joint Legislative Councils came together to

form a national council on state legislation, Alabama was one of the charter members of the organization; and it has been very active ever since. I think Alabama has had an officer and member of the Board of Directors on the National Council every year since 1938.

By the way, there is one part of the Legislative Council organization which I forgot to mention. There are some *local* Legislative Councils in Alabama: Birmingham has a Joint Legislative Council, and so does Montgomery. These local councils are organized just as the State council is, and they concern themselves with city legislation and also with State legislation which affects their local community. I think that more of these councils may be organized in the future. In fact I expect to see county joint legislature councils in most of the counties of Alabama.

Dr. Farmer, suppose some of our listeners want to obtain more information about the Joint Legislative Council. Can you tell them how they may do this?

Yes. If any of our listeners are interested in knowing more about the Joint Legislative council, they can get copies of the constitution and other information from the Joint Legislative Council. Mrs. Ray Meade, State Commander of the field army of the American Career Service, is also the State Secretary of the Joint Legislative Council. Her office is in the Frank Nelson Building in Birmingham. . . .

Alabama Women of World War II Perform Outstanding Service at Home and Abroad

DECEMBER 7, 1945

♦ ♦ ♦ **H**ello, everyone. Since radio stations first went on the air this morning almost every program has reminded us that this is a particularly significant anniversary. And there have been dozens of tributes paid to the men and women who gave their lives for the cause of freedom. . . .

Although we generally think of men as soldiers, women also have always fought for those things—large and small—in which they believed. Our first official record goes back to 1704, when Alabama was under French rule. In that year, a ship known as the *Pelican* docked at Mobile. It probably received the greatest welcome of any ship that had ever come because it brought more than merchandise to the French—its cargo included twenty-three beautiful girls, sent by the Bishop of Quebec to become wives for the settlers. These young passengers were called the “Caskette girls” because the French government had provided each of them with a *cassette* or trunk, containing gold pieces.

The first show of independence by these early Alabama women came not long after they arrived. In Canada, where they had lived before, they had always been accustomed to highly-seasoned French food; and the daily diet of corn and cornbread given to them by their new husbands was anything but varied!

The young wives finally reached the end of their patience, and an ingenious group of them banded together and staged the “Petticoat Insurrection”. We’re not sure just what influence they had over their husbands; but records lead us to believe that the matter was brought to the attention of the governor of the colony because the menus speedily changed!

This all happened before Alabama became a state, but many other stories can be told of the courage of her women. What of fifteen-year-old Emma Sansom who led General Nathan B. Forrest and his men to safety at Gadsden? And Amelia Gayle Gorgas of Tuscaloosa, who was one of the pioneers in the field nursing? And Julia Tutwiler, early advocate of the education for women in Ala-

bama? Each made important contributions to our state in the past, and there are many today striving to uphold their glorious tradition.

Take a look at some of those who have made outstanding records in the war. There is First Lt. Nell Fluker of Birmingham. When the war began, she left her duties at Jefferson Hospital and entered the Air Transport Command as a flight nurse. During the Pacific battles, she completed more than 800 hours of flying time, while helping to evacuate the wounded; and on January 28, 1945, she performed an act which won for her the coveted Air Medal.

At this time Lt. Fluker was flight nurse aboard a hospital C-54 en route from Guadalcanal to Hawaii. Twenty-eight casualties were also on the plane; and as the only nurse, the Alabama Lieutenant ministered to their needs during the entire flight. When the plane stopped to change crews at Tarawa, it was found that no flight nurse was there for relief; and Lt. Fluker continued on the job for eighteen hours of over-water flight. That was an act well beyond the call of duty!

Now for the story of Lt. Kathleen R. Dial, of Florence. This Alabama nurse served for seventeen months in the South Pacific, completed 150 missions, and for seven months was attached to ambulance planes flying the wounded out of combat zones. In June of 1944, the plane in which she was flying lost its course over New Guinea and headed for a crash. Lt. Dial had the choice of looking for a place of relative safety on the plane or staying with the wounded men. She chose to remain with her eighteen patients, and she was the only one injured! Now Lt. Kathleen Dial is one of the few Army nurses to wear the Distinguished Flying Cross and the purple Heart.

We might also mention Martha Susan Tate, of Newton, Alabama. In the Spring of 1942 she went overseas with the American Red Cross, and her unusual adventures began when the 10th Hospital Unit landed in New Guinea. As one of the first three Red Cross workers on the island, she faced all the hardships of jungle life as well as constant bombings by the Japanese. While the battle for Burma was at its height, she helped to set up the Red Cross tent. Then Miss Tate broke into radio, conducting an early morning program for the GI's. Her voice was the official "waker-upper" following the bugle call.

Then from Manilla she broadcast interviews with released

prisoners of war and civilian internees; and she broadcast the opening of the first Red Cross club for enlisted men in Manila. And at last she was privileged to enter Japan and to make one of the first broadcasts from Tokyo. Martha Susan Tate has won a definite place for herself among war correspondents and public relations officers of the Pacific area.

Suppose we speak, too, of other women—those who worked at home. One of the first is Mrs. Katherine Orndorff Harper of Birmingham whom we've mentioned on this program before. Over 3,000 people in the United States are grateful to her because she brought hope in a time of suspense. Each night during the war, she listened to Axis propaganda broadcasts which gave the names of war prisoners between the news items. Mrs. Harper took down the name of each man mentioned and promptly notified his family by wire, phone, or letter.

Often these families began to write to her regularly and to send her letters which they had received from their sons. She decided to start a small newspaper composed of these letters, and each month she sent copies to all parents whose boys were in German and Italian camps.

But Mrs. Harper didn't stop with this work. Through ministerial cooperation, she arranged for Bibles to be sent to several thousand prisoners. And for those who couldn't send important little things to their sons in prison camps, Mrs. Harper mailed packages regularly.

This talk of spirit of cooperation and friendliness reminds us that it wasn't strange that last year an Alabama woman was chosen American's number one "good neighbor." She was Miss Elizabeth Ashmore Beaty, postmistress at Eldridge. She acted as community nurse, maintained a Red Cross Drive, the Sixth War Loan, and the March of Dimes.

Oh, yes—and we mustn't forget to mention this—when Miss Beaty was awarded a \$1,000 war bond by one of our networks, she immediately donated it to the public library of her home town.

Such stories as these show very clearly the spirit of Alabama women today. With such courage and determination before them in the years to come, our future will be a good one! . . .

Alabama, Mobile, and Birmingham Celebrate Birthdays as Colorful Histories of Each Are Reviewed

DECEMBER 14, 1945

♦ ♦ ♦ **A**T THIS TIME we want to tell you about a birthday party which was held in Birmingham forty-six years ago today. Now it may seem strange to think of a party becoming an important event, but this celebration in Birmingham marked the eightieth anniversary of Alabama's admission into the Union. It was also the first time in this country that an official birthday party had been held for a state.

The suggestion that we establish an "Alabama Day" came from Mrs. Idyll King Sorsby, vice-president of the Alabama Historical Society. From childhood she had always shown a great interest in the history of the state, and many times she had remarked how strange it was that no celebration had ever been held in honor of Alabama's early statehood.

At last she took a decisive step. On December 14, 1897, she gave the first recognition to Alabama's birthday by the formation of the Pierian Club, at East Lake, and the following year, the club held a "family" celebration with birthday accessories. In 1899, the movement had grown so rapidly that a formal ceremony was observed in the Chamber of Commerce building at Birmingham.

Dominating the scene was a large design with the words, "Alabama, 1819-1899," formed in ivy and ferns. Two historic flags, and a framework of Southern smilax and flowers formed the background. One of the most impressive moments of the party came when Mrs. Sorsby displayed a huge birthday cake covered with eighty red, white and blue candles, one for each year of the state's history.

And that reminds us—not so long ago the Alabama Department of Archives and History was presented the treasured flag flown by the battleship *Alabama*, during World War II. . . . The *Alabama* has earned her share of glory, for she took part in almost every major sea battle with the enemy and was one of the Third Fleet ships which entered Tokyo Bay to accept the Japanese surrender.

Another Alabama ship, which, incidentally, arrived back in the United States last week, is the *U.S.S. Mobile*. Men on this ship saw action in forty-one Pacific engagements, fighting at Luzon, Okinawa, Mindanao, Tarawa, Saipan, and Bougainville. In addition, the *Mobile* was one of those ships helping in the occupation of Japan.

Today as we welcome back this gallant ship, we should also take a little time to review the development of the city for which it was named; for this month is also Mobile's birthday. Records have been found which lead us to believe that the first attempt by white men to establish any colony in this country was made at Mobile. In 1559, a Spaniard, Tristan De Luna, was sent by the Viceroy of Mexico to begin a settlement in the New World. He located on the shores of Mobile Bay, and his small colony stayed there for two years. Then for some unknown reason, the settlement was abandoned; and the Spaniards returned to Mexico.

Almost a century and a half passed before another attempt was made to colonize the Alabama territory. This time the settlers were French, and their leader was Jean Baptiste Bienville. It was he who established a fort near the home of the Mobilian Indians, and gave it the name of Fort Louis de Mobile. At first the colony that formed there gave little evidence that Mobile would ever be a success. For the most part, the settlers were criminals and vagrants, penniless noblemen who had little taste for work. Much of their time was spent in sports or looking for gold, and France was forced to send them almost all of their supplies.

During the next few years that passed, the colony remained relatively the same. Bienville was replaced as governor by Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, but he unfortunately allowed the affairs of the colony to drift aimlessly as before.

It wasn't until 1717 that prosperity began in Mobile. At that time, the Court of France became involved in a fever of speculation based on the financial juggling of John Law, a Scotch banker. Mobile was given to Law's land company; and almost as if by magic, Frenchmen scrambled wildly for claims in the colony. Two shiploads of slaves were sent over in 1721, and the agricultural future of Mobile was assured at last.

But there was not yet to be a feeling of security within the colony. Trouble arose between the governments of France and England, and in 1756 the Seven Years War began. At the end of

the struggle, Mobile was ceded to England, only to be lost once again seventeen years later—this time to the Spanish.

It took still another war, that of 1812, to bring Mobile at last under the control of the United States. It was then that her glorious history really began. On December 17, 1819, only three days after Alabama was admitted into statehood, a city charter was officially granted to Mobile.

Then the only water outlet for the rich agricultural lands of the state, the port colony saw happy days. River steamers brought cotton down the Tombigbee and the Alabama Rivers to the Gulf; and planters, eager to spend their profits from the year's crops, arrived for a time of festivities and gaiety.

And the years went on. In 1852, the first public school system in Alabama was begun in Mobile; then the War Between the States came; the city became a chief port for the Confederacy; she fell into Federal hands; yellow fever threatened to wipe out the entire town. . . .

Perhaps, we'd better leave such stories now, and look at the Mobile of today. World War I and the war which has just ended brought a boom that had never before been equalled in the history of the city. Three shipyards, employing almost 45,000 workers, were created; Brookley Field, an aviation supply depot, rose in importance; and Mobile claimed the largest aluminum refining plant in the world.

But the future of Alabama's first city isn't going to be dimmed by the glory of the past. Before very long, Mobile hopes to take her place as a center for oil refining; she will resume her position as one of America's two foremost banana importing cities; a 35,000 seat football stadium is to be built very soon; and proposals have been made to construct a \$117,000,000 canal linking the Tombigbee and Tennessee Rivers. If this project is completed, Mobile may very well become a serious competitor of New Orleans for Tennessee and Ohio River Valley shipping.

And now we come to another city which recently celebrated its birthday. Have you ever heard of a place called "Old Town"? No? Then how about one by the name of "Frog Level"? Well, if you don't know of either, we're sure you must have heard of Elyton. They're all one and the same place, and today their name is Birmingham!

The story of how the "Magic City" developed begins before white men ever came to Alabama. In those early days, Creek, Cherokee, and Choctaw Indians used the territory as a hunting ground; and their trading center was known as "Old Town." It was these Indians who first discovered the red iron ore, which was one day to make Birmingham the leading industrial city of the South. They used the rock to paint their faces and weapons.

In 1831, the first white men, a group of four veterans of the Indian wars, came to the Alabama territory and built Fort Jonesborough. Other settlers soon went up farther into the valley, new towns sprang up, and Jefferson County came into existence. Somewhere about this time, the Federal Government gave a tract of land to the American Asylum for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb. Part of the land was in Alabama, and William Ely was sent by the asylum to dispose of the land. He promptly began development of a town known as Frog Level and was so successful that two years later the name was changed to Elyton, in his honor.

Before very long, Elyton grew into a typical trade town on the main stagecoach line from Huntsville to Tuscaloosa. Homes were built in the traditional plantation style, and the inhabitants drowsed through a generation of cotton growing.

Then came the 1860's, and Jefferson County's first furnaces supplied rifles and cannon balls to the Confederate Government; two railroads, the Louisville and Nashville and the Alabama Great Southern, were built through the valley; speculators and promoters organized the Elyton Land Company; and on December 19, 1871, Birmingham became an official city.

But success was to be short-lived. An epidemic of cholera swept the city, and at the same time a nation-wide financial panic struck. It was then that one of Birmingham's most courageous men came forth. Charles Linn decided to brave the depression and establish a magnificent three-story bank costing \$36,000. Skeptical people immediately named the undertaking "Linn's Folly", but he calmly went ahead.

When the building was completed, five hundred invitations were sent to a Calico Ball, and people came from all the state. There were women dressed in calico gowns cut in the latest style, and men attired in formal evening clothes also of calico. They all danced very solemnly beneath the lights of hundreds of glowing candles, and the Calico Ball is a Birmingham tradition to this day.

The building of "Linn's Folly" broke the depression, and the Birmingham of today gradually came into existence. Erskine Ramsay, Henry DeBardeleben, and Enoch Ensley organized the first steel, coal and iron companies; civic improvements were begun; and at last Birmingham iron ore supplied the entire United States.

Today this district leads the world in the production of cast iron pipe; it ranks third in the production of iron ore; fifth in the production of coke; and sixth in the output of pig iron. From its many factories there come each year more than two thousand different products for the people of America.

In honor of these contributions, during the recent war a giant Superfortress was christened the "City of Birmingham". As a member of the 314th Bombardment Wing, the plane participated in attacks on the Japanese homeland at the rate of one flight every two days—each mission covering almost 3,000 miles and taking approximately fifteen hours of flying time.

At the end of the war, the "City of Birmingham" had completed twenty-one missions, and a personal tribute was paid to the crew by General Carl Spaatz, who said, "It will be remembered that you and your plane have made one of the most tremendous contributions to victory!"

We have time for one more story. . . It began many years ago in a small florist's shop in St. Louis, Missouri, when an unemployed man wandered into the shop looking for a job. While waiting for an interview, he happened to overhear the florist telling a customer about the high cost of evergreens and the difficulty of obtaining them. The customer answered that she had once been in a train wreck near the small town of Evergreen, Alabama, and that she had seen these plants growing in great numbers.

The unemployed man listened as she talked; then he edged forward and began asking her questions. At the end of the conversation, he left the shop and boarded a freight train for Evergreen. There he found that what the woman had said was true. Everywhere he turned evergreens were to be seen. So the man decided to go into business for himself; and he began gathering and shipping mistletoe, holly, and smilax back to the East.

Today the business which had such a humble beginning has grown to amazing proportions. Not only are all parts of the United States now supplied with Christmas decorations from Evergreen,

Alabama; but shipments are also made to cities in Canada and Cuba. The merchants of Evergreen estimate that a total of almost \$75,000 is made each year through the sale of holly, mistletoe, and smilax. . . .

Cultural Relations Program Spotlights John Campbell, of Birmingham . . . Jabez Lamar Curry . . . Alexander McGillivray, 'Emperor' of Alabama

JANUARY 11, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **I**T'S AN OLD CUSTOM at the beginning of each year to look back on the year just past, and review the things which were accomplished and the important events which took place. . . Now our chief question is, "What will this year bring? No one can really about that, of course. But whatever the future holds for us, the one thing which we want most is a feeling of cooperation and understanding throughout the world.

One instrument which our national State Department is planning to use in bringing about this understanding is an expanded cultural relations program. And a man who is going to have a great deal to do with the relations between the United States and one of South America's largest countries is John W. Campbell, of Birmingham.

Let us tell you a little of his career up to this time. After his graduation from college, Campbell taught at Frisco City, Leeds High School, and Alabama College. During those years, he earned his master's degree in diplomatic history and began work on his doctorate in Latin American affairs.

Then, however, the United States entered the war; and John Campbell was appointed to the Office of Censorship and assigned to Miami around the time when German subs were covering the Florida beaches with fragments of American ships. His job there was to screen every letter going out of the Caribbean area to detect shipping information being smuggled out.

This might not sound like such exciting work,, but the next assignment really was! Campbell was sent to LaPaz, Bolivia, in 1943, as censorship liaison officer; and there he ran squarely into the Bolivian revolution! For months the United States refused to recognize the new government in Bolivia; and, as our representative there, John Campbell was in an awkward position. But he stayed at his post.

Now to make a long story short—the Alabamian was next sent on missions to Chile, Peru, Panama, and finally back in the United States as chief of the Travelers' Censorship Bureau of the whole Texas area.

In 1945, John Campbell's career reached its highest point when he was transferred to the State Department and given the appointment of cultural relations attache in the United States Embassy at Bogota, Colombia. Through his office in the months to come, Colombian doctors will meet and discuss techniques with North American specialists; New York publishers may trade ideas and methods with Bogota publishers; and Alabama agriculturists may visit back and forth with those of Colombia. Inter-American understanding will reach a new strength.

John Campbell's foreign service reminds us of that rendered by another Alabamian who held a similar position of honor. He was Jabez Lamar Curry, of Talladega County, who served as United States Minister to Spain in 1885.

This man's diplomatic career had its real beginning when he was four years old. The school which he was attending at that early age happened to have no system for long vacations; and whenever the children wanted a holiday, they merely had to persuade the master to let them out. Perhaps the powers of argument which he developed then led Jabez Curry later to study law in college.

After graduation, the boy established a law practice in Talladega, then gave it up to fight in the war with Mexico. In the years that followed, he was elected four times to the Alabama House of Representatives, and as a member of the Committee on Education, worked for every measure in favor of free education. He was especially ardent in his insistence that women be given more educational opportunities and was one of the first to advocate schools for Negroes; he was chosen President of Howard College; the task of administering the \$3,500,000 Peabody General Fund for Education fell to him; and it was he who fostered the beginnings of the General Education Board, now the most powerful educational foundation in the world.

But even though Jabez Curry was one of our foremost educators, he was equally well-known in the diplomatic field. In 1885 he was awarded one of the nation's most important foreign service posts—that of Minister to Spain, and he represented the United States at the funeral of King Alfonso XII. Later he assisted in the

presentation of Alfonso XIII, the first human being ever to be born a king; and when that same king was crowned at the age of sixteen, Dr. Curry was called from retirement to serve as Special Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Spain.

One of his greatest contributions during his long period of service was the negotiation of a treaty which freed the commerce between America and Spain from some of its traditional restrictions:

The two men, John Campbell and Jabez Curry, are both known for their aid in foreign affairs, but there was another who played the international field on a vastly different scale.

Did you know that Alabama once had an Emperor? It wasn't recently, of course. In fact, it was during the Eighteenth Century. The Emperor's name was Alexander McGillivray, and he was the son of a Scotch trader and an Indian princess. The boy who grew up to be the most powerful man in Alabama's colonial history was born in an Indian village belonging to the Wind Clan.

He might very well have become just another Creek brave and lost all chance for greatness if he hadn't shared so strongly his father's love for education. He went to Charleston, South Carolina, when he was fourteen to master the classical learning of the day. He was a good student; and if he had chosen, he might have made many important contributions to the civilized world. But his Indian blood kept calling him back to his people, and he returned to Alabama.

The Wind Clan of the Creek Nation was very much in need of a leader at that time, for their chief had just died. Because McGillivray was the son of a princess, and because he had such wisdom and training, he was chosen the new chief. He took his duties quite seriously, began to take an active part in the affairs of the whole nation, and finally, through his personality and ability as a diplomat, he attained the honor of tribal chief and was known as "Emperor".

About this time the American Revolution broke out, and all of the property belonging to Alexander McGillivray's father was taken over by the United States. This so enraged the youthful Emperor that he accepted the position of colonel with the British forces and led the Creeks against the Americans. In time, however, the British were defeated; and the war ended. But Alexander McGillivray's anger at the Americans did not end, and he turned to the

Spanish army as a means of seeking revenge. He became a colonel once again and had at his command, not only his own Creek Indians, but also the Seminoles of Florida.

At last he became so bold and dangerous that the American government had to take action. George Washington sent an ambassador to Alabama to make peace with the Indians and to invite them to New York to draw up a treaty. The ambassador did his work well, for the Indians listened to him; and Alexander McGillivray, the Alabama Emperor, promised to take his chiefs to New York.

That trip to the capital of the United States couldn't be rivaled even today. At every stop the Indians were entertained in splendid style by the towns' leading citizens. And when they finally reached New York, there was all the noise, music, and ceremony that any Indian could wish; for they were marched up Wall Street, past the Federal Building, and into the Capitol itself.

The discussions between Washington and the Emperor of Alabama were long, but in the end there was satisfaction for them both. McGillivray agreed that part of the Creek Nation should go to the United States and that the trade of the Creeks should be carried on through American ports. In return, the Alabamian gained promises that the United States would provide educational opportunities for the Creek children and that his people would hold forever the Creek title to their lands. As a final gesture of good-will, President Washington awarded McGillivray a commission in the United States Army.

Thus for a while there was peace between the Indians and the white men. But this wasn't to last for very long. In 1813, the British Government paid Chief Tecumseh to come to Alabama and stir up the Creeks against the Americans again. Under his leadership, and with the help of Red Eagle, the Creek Nation was re-organized; and the Indians began a siege of terror in Alabama. There followed the Battle of Burnt Corn, the massacre of Fort Mims, Fort Sinquefield, and the Battle of the Holy Ground.

In desperation the settlers appealed for protection from the Indians; and General Andrew Jackson brought his army from Tennessee into Alabama. The foundation for the complete defeat of the Creeks was laid at the present site of Talladega. . . .

In Talladega today, there are many reminders of that battle 130 years ago. The bodies of the white men and the loyal Indians

who were killed are buried there in Oak Hill Cemetery; monuments cover their graves; the burial place of Selocta, who carried the message to Fort Strother, is marked; and a large memorial has been erected to the memory of Andrew Jackson.

But for the past few years, Talladega's manpower and resources have been concerned—not with a war of the distant past—but with the one being fought all over the world. And like so many other Alabama towns, she played a varied part in defeat of the Axis.

The first Nurses' Aid Class in the state was organized there; the Alabama Institute for the Deaf and Blind began training handicapped people to relieve men who might go into military work. Mutes were taught to become barbers, bakers, typists, and printers. The blind students learned to make brooms, repair woodwork, and do other jobs for which they were fitted.

Another step toward war production was taken when Talladega's factories began making supplies for the armed forces. The Samoset Cotton Mills turned out barracks bags for the army, the Talladega Cotton Factory made cotton duck for army tents, and the Brecon Loading Company was the powder bag-loading plant for nearby munitions plants.

These are all stories of Talladega as a war-time city. Very soon we hope to bring you other stories about her as one of Alabama's chief recreational resorts.

And now before we leave for today, we'd like to tell you a little about a new bulletin which has just been issued by Alabama College. It's called "Getting Acquainted With Shelby County", but it's more than just a study of this one county. Instead, it's one of the most complete research studies of Alabama that we've read in a long time.

Such questions as the development of our governmental, health, educational, and religious facilities are considered. Then special study is devoted to our agricultural and technological resources, with emphasis placed on ways in which they can be better utilized for improved living conditions in Alabama.

Also included in the bulletin is a detailed outline for making a survey of your community's needs. All civic leaders as well as teachers who are studying local development in their classrooms, will find the bulletin "Getting Acquainted With Shelby County" a very great help. They may secure this bulletin by writing the Executive Secretary, Alabama College, Montevallo. . . .

Alabama's Gold Rush of 1835 . . . First Typewriter and Airplane, Products of This State . . . Aviation Advances in Practice, Theory

JANUARY 18, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **H**AVE YOU EVER HEARD that Alabama is noted for the beautiful pearls to be found in her creeks and streams, or that some of the world's finest turquoise stones come from Clay County? And did you know that once long ago a large diamond valued at almost \$2,000 was found in Talladega County; that Alabama had a big gold rush fourteen years before the one in California; and that stores of silver have been found in Morgan County?

Think back to your high school history days for a moment, and see what you can remember of De Soto's famous march through Alabama. You'll recall that one of the reasons he had for driving his men across this state in the face of starvation, Indian attacks, and exhaustion, was the firm belief that in the new land he would find gold and other precious metals. . . .

But the Indians guarded the secret of Alabama's wealth well, and De Soto was forced to leave unsuccessful. Little did he realize all that the apparently barren land held; and never would he have dreamed that in 1835, a gold rush in Alabama would prove that all his fancies were sound. In that year the word went out that gold had been found. Prospectors scoured the hills, and boom towns sprang up over night when strikes were made. Trails were widened for supply wagons; and the town of Arbacoochee, now non-existent, grew from a wilderness to a typical gold mining town of more than five thousand inhabitants. By 1897 the region which is now the Talladega National Forest was the mining center of Alabama; and the notable developments were the Hog Mountain Mine in Tallapoosa County, the Clear Creek Mining Company of Cleburne County; while there were others in Clay and Chilton Counties.

In those days Alabama was a glorious sight. Miners spent their gold dust freely, and merchandise cost just the amount of dust that could be picked up and held between the thumb and finger of a clerk. As you can well imagine, employees with broad fingers were very much in demand!

But the gold boom in Alabama wasn't to last much longer, for in 1849 there came the California gold rush. . . .

Stories such as this illustrate how easily important events in history are forgotten. The great invention of John J. Pratt is another example. In the early 1860's, before America became engaged in the War Between the States, this Alabamian conceived the idea of making for the business world an automatic writing machine.

At first John Pratt's neighbors in the small town of Centre merely smiled in tolerant amusement when he spent week after week making small, intricate drawings on scraps of paper. But on the day that he went into a downtown store and bought two gross of knitting needles, the citizens began to think that he was definitely "queer".

We know now that Mr. Pratt took those needles, placed tiny wooden blocks on them, and formed the world's first practical typewriter. The model was finished in 1864 and offered to the leading capitalists of America. They merely laughed at the invention and flatly refused ever to consider it. So turned away by his own people, the Alabamian went to England and two years later secured a patent.

Today John Pratt lies almost forgotten in a lonely cemetery in Centre; and despite the fact that no business in this or any other country could easily get along without a typewriter, very few people remember who invented it.

Now there's still another story of a forgotten man—the inventor of our first airplane. History tells us that Wilbur and Orville Wright were the pioneers of the aviation field. But just recently records have been found which prove that Dr. Lewis Archer Boswell of Eastaboga, Alabama, was actually the first man to fly an airplane.

One day in 1868, he was reading a story on bird flight; and the thought occurred to him that, with proper adjustments, men could fly through the air just as birds did. The more he considered the idea, the more it obsessed him; and Dr. Boswell decided to try to build a machine that could fly. This was the beginning of a task that was to last for forty years. Plans were drawn, measurements taken, wind currents tested, and miniature planes, looking like a cross between a bicycle and a motorcycle, were built again and again.

Of course everyone considered Lew Boswell nothing short of mad. But in 1901, when he brought his completed plane out for its maiden flight, the whole countryside gathered to watch. They saw him get into the plane and actually fly across an entire meadow and cotton patch. Then three years later, they saw the patent granted to him by the United States long before the Wright Brothers received their patent rights.

Having proved once and for all that he could fly, Dr. Boswell needed additional funds for different mechanical equipment. So he wrote to government officials in Washington and offered to build them a practical airplane in sixty days if granted a \$1,000 loan. In the letter he described how he could make the machine ascend and descend with ease and safety and how he could guide it right and left as readily as a canoe on a still lake.

No reply was ever made to Dr. Boswell's offer, and finally he was forced to give his job up as a failure and scrap his invention. When we think that our government put almost \$500,000 into each of the first B-29's built in this war it, seems almost impossible to think that it once refused to invest \$1,000 in a "practical airship"! . . .

Recently a new interest in aviation has developed. In 1944, a group of Mobile business men formed a non-profit corporation under the title of the Associated Aviation Services, Inc.; and since the municipal flying field at Mobile was under Government operation, they decided to build their own. A 120-acre field was leased about fifteen miles from the city; runways were laid out by the men themselves; and a large tin barn on the property became the hangar. The next problem was the purchase of planes for their new field, so the members divided into groups of four's and five's and combined their resources to buy small second-hand planes.

Today membership in the organization totals about eighty. Eight members now have private licenses; twenty-three have obtained solo licenses; and almost thirty members are building up hours for better ratings. Also, in addition to airport activities, the organization holds monthly meetings at which ground school instructions are given, and the latest rules pertaining to aviation are discussed.

Now in 1946, still another step in aeronautics is being considered with the proposed introduction of aviation education in Alabama schools. As the proposal stands at present, a peacetime pro-

gram of aviation will begin in the elementary schools, and its social implications will be impressed upon the child while he is young. As the study progresses to high school level, more detailed phases of aviation will be given, and actual flying will be done for laboratory experience. As an outcome of such a scientific program, the State Department of Education hopes to prepare the youth of today to live peacefully in the air and atomic age of tomorrow. . . .

Settlement of Alabama . . . Effects of TVA on State . . . Guntersville . . . Women Editors in Newspaper Field

JANUARY 25, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **I**T WAS the War of 1812 which caused the first great migration of people to the state of Alabama. For many years preceding 1812, there had been a casual interest in the lands of Tennessee and northern Alabama. But after the war ended, land speculation hit a new high. There was a tremendous revival of trade throughout the United States; cotton came into demand at an unbelievable price; and agriculture rose in importance until it became the most profitable of all occupations.

Understanding that farmers and planters would naturally be wanting new lands for cultivation, government land offices opened the Alabama territory for sale and settlement. To tempt newcomers, northern Alabama was advertised as the "Happy Valley"; newspapers, letters, and conversations praised the climate, the healthfulness, and the beauty of Alabama. The soil was said to be suitable for producing every article necessary for man or beast, and forecasts were made that the territory of Alabama was destined to be the "Garden Spot of America".

It was the thought of the abundant food and the chance for land ownership that encouraged immigration to this state. New settlers came from Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Kentucky—people from all walks of life. There were toilers, wealthy planters, speculators anxious to make money from buying and selling lands, and young lawyers eager to rise politically within the new country. . . The northern part of the state became the most densely populated section from the Gulf to the Tennessee line.

The earnest hopes early settlers had placed in the Alabama territory came true as the years passed. Huntsville, the first real town in the Tennessee Valley, became the scene of the first State Constitutional Convention; Alabama's earliest steamboat was built at St. Stephens; the construction of a crude canal opened the way for river transportation; the first railway west of the Appalachians was organized; and two giant nitrate plants were erected at Muscle Shoals.

Today, with northern Alabama reaping benefits from the Tennessee Valley Authority, industrial activity can be seen in every county. Transportation facilities have been improved by new locks on the Tennessee River; cheap hydro-electric power is provided; flood control, soil conservation, and rehabilitation measures for the surrounding countryside are bringing undreamed-of opportunities to the entire district.

Another special result of the TVA is the new vacation playground which is being planned by Guntersville. Before the war began, this Alabama city was slowly becoming one of the fishing and boating centers of the state; and now a completely new program of expansion will increase her chances for development. In November, 1945, the TVA turned over 4,000 acres of land to Alabama conservation officials; and \$100,000 was appropriated for the building of Northern Alabama's only state park with water recreational facilities.

Fishing camps both above and below the Guntersville Dam will be set up; two docks capable of handling from ten to twenty-five boats will be erected; and a special project with a bath-house for 1,000 persons will be provided near the swimming docks.

Now the citizens of Alabama's recreational paradise are fairly bursting with enthusiasm over the developments which are taking place. They foresee that the future will bring to their city people from all over America. They're also expecting some from other nations because not so long ago a group from Australia, and then several from China came to look over the budding playground. Needless to say, they were all greatly impressed by Guntersville's facilities! So, who knows? Before very long the section which began with settlers from Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, may find itself a new center for international culture! . . .

Now for a little about an important field in which Alabama women have been taking part for the last few years—and that is newspaper work.

There are several whom we think will be especially interesting to you. One is Mrs. W. H. Lawrence, editor of *Our Southern Home*, in Livingston. As a member of the journalistic field she can look back on more than fifty years of newspaper work, for her husband began publishing his first paper in 1886. Despite the fact that in those days it wasn't considered proper for a woman to engage in a

business enterprise, Mrs. Lawrence served faithfully as her husband's associate editor. When he died in 1938, she took his place as editor and chief feature writer.

Today *Our Southern Home* is noted throughout the state as one of the most unusual papers; for despite the passing of time, it continues to use a hand-set press, and a one-man motor. Yes, when the page forms have been made up and locked on the press bed, the office helper comes in out of the garden, fits a wooden handle in the big flywheel, and slowly turns it over and over as the pages slip through the rolls.

Another woman editor, who is in a somewhat different position from Mrs. Lawrence, is Mrs. Florence Fail, of Tuskegee. As writer, reporter, advertising solicitor, layout man, proofreader, and social editor of the *Tuskegee News*, she is faced with the situation of having as almost one-third of her readers, the Negro residents of the city and an equal number of people living in the rural districts. To solve the problem she has three sections to her paper—one telling of happenings among the local white people; another with news of the colored people and Tuskegee Institute; and still another which is sent in by the out-of-town residents who write up events in the various communities around the county. Mrs. Fail really has a man-sized job in publishing! . . .

Aaron Burr's Capture Recalled . . . Contributions of George Washington Carver to State and Nation . . . Settlement of Auburn

FEBRUARY 1, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **T**HIS MONTH is the anniversary of an important, but little-known event in Alabama. It concerns Aaron Burr.

After his famous duel with Alexander Hamilton, Burr lost his hold on the American people, who rose in bitter criticism of him. He became so unpopular that finally he resigned from the office of Vice President and left Washington for the Southwest. The true details of what Burr hoped to accomplish in the western territory have never been entirely revealed; but a year after his hasty departure from the capital, it was found that he was secretly raising troops and securing arms.

At once an order for his arrest came from President Thomas Jefferson; and Burr was arrested in Lexington, Kentucky, on the charge of treason. He was taken to a court near Natchez, Mississippi, for preliminary hearing; but on the day that the trial was scheduled to begin, Aaron Burr disappeared. The angry governor of Mississippi posted a proclamation calling for his arrest and offering a reward of \$2,000; and a troop of cavalry was sent in pursuit of him.

For weeks the search continued. Then one cold February night in 1807, it ended near Wakefield, Alabama. On that night, two men rode up to an out-of-the-way house and asked how to find the home of Colonel Hinson. The travelers were dressed in shabby hats and dingy suits of homespun; but one of them had brilliant flashing eyes, spoke with authority, and rode his horse like a gentleman of great importance.

The men at the little cottage stared at the strangers, and to their terror they recognized Aaron Burr. Somehow they managed to stammer out the direction to Hinson's house; and then, as the clattering hoofbeats died away, they slipped swiftly from the house and made their way to nearby Fort Stoddert and its commander, Captain E. P. Gaines.

A detail of enlisted men was quickly assembled, and the armed

force hastened to the Hinson house. Yes, Aaron Burr was there—they could see him through the window—and being entertained by the witty stories and fascinating manner of the hunted man, was none other than the sheriff of Washington County!

Despite the law officer's deep admiration for Burr, the latter was arrested; and then there began for him one of the strangest terms of imprisonment ever known. He was actually more of a guest than a prisoner. The people at Fort Stoddert where he was confined couldn't put from their minds the fact that he had once been Vice President of the United States, and so they gave him all the privileges and courtesies due a man of his former position.

He had the freedom of the entire fort and the surrounding buildings, served as special doctor to Captain Gaines' sick brother, and even played chess every day with the Captain's wife. As for the other settlers of that pioneer section of Washington County—well, they too had almost the same reaction. Hardly a day passed that they didn't come in to hear some of Burr's marvelous stories and to fall under his spell. It was an amusing contest between them as to who would accord him the highest honors.

At last, however, the time came for Aaron Burr to leave Alabama and return to Washington for trial. The people at Fort Stoddert watched him go with a feeling of sadness, for they had no way of looking into the future and seeing what the months to come would bring for him. They didn't know whether Burr was returning to face a criminal's death or to be doomed to a life of hate and obscurity. They only knew that for all times it would be remembered that he was been captured and held in Alabama. . . .

Now let's turn to the story of a man who played a large part in the destiny of the state. You all know his name—George Washington Carver. He was born about 1864, in a cabin near Diamond Grove, Missouri, and his parents were slaves, owned by Moses Carver. The master became so fond of the little pickaninny that he gave the child his own surname, and called him George Washington.

As the boy began growing up, the white owner saw that he was going to be a man of great intelligence someday. So he made provisions for him to go to school. The child soon mastered every word in the spelling book and began to look for means of getting more education. After slaves had been freed, he left Missouri, orphaned and penniless, and took odd jobs in Kansas and Iowa

schools. In six years at Iowa State, he won his bachelor's and master's degrees, and showed such ability in agricultural chemistry that he was made a member of the college faculty.

Then in 1898, he was summoned to Tuskegee, Alabama, by Booker T. Washington to start a new school in agriculture. For the first few months at Tuskegee, Carver's task wasn't an easy one. He had to poke around in scrap heaps for spare parts with which to build apparatus for his experiments; and there were many failures before he succeeded in giving to the world the wonderful and vastly different products from Alabama soil.

Some of his most extensive work was done with the lowly peanut, and the things he made from it are amazing. There are such items as shaving lotion, cosmetics, ink, soap, butter, breakfast food, cheese, coffee, and pickles—in all, a total of three hundred substances just from the peanut! Then from the sweet potato he made one hundred and eighteen things, including starch, vinegar, shoe-blackening, and paste. As one of his greatest tasks, several years ago Dr. Carver began experiments using peanut oil as a remedy for infantile paralysis. This work was stopped by his death in 1941. . . .

One other brief story we want to pass along to you concerns the town of Auburn and how it got its name. The first settlers of this Alabama territory were a group of young Georgians who came there in 1836. They stayed at the spot just long enough to erect a number of buildings; then they returned to Georgia to bring their slaves and other possessions to the new home.

As yet a name hadn't been chosen for the settlement, and a man named Tom Harper happened to casually mention the fact to his Georgian sweetheart, Lizzie Taylor. The young lady had just finished reading Oliver Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and she promptly exclaimed, "Oh, name it Auburn, sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." So thanks to the contribution of Miss Lizzie Taylor, Auburn received its name. . . .

Three Forgotten Counties . . . Stories of Dothan and Decatur

FEBRUARY 15, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **T**ODAY WE want to tell you about three Alabama counties of which most of you probably never heard, because they passed out of existence long before any of you were born.

One of these was Elk County. For over a hundred years, there's been a question in the minds of many historians as to whether this county ever really existed; and because there is such doubt, you'll not find the county mentioned in Alabama history books. But if you really want proof that there was an Elk County, just consult the old official records in the State Capitol. They'll tell you that on April 12, 1817, a group of men in an area of land west of Madison County held a local election. A Justice of the Peace, Captain of the Militia, and Constable were chosen, and the territory named Elk County. We know that of the men selected, one was the owner of a grist mill, one ran a trading post, and still another was Thomas Bibb, later to become the second governor of Alabama.

There is no evidence, however, to prove that these men ever served as county officials. A year later the land was turned into Limestone County, and the name of Elk vanished almost entirely from memory.

Today the territory of Limestone is known throughout Alabama for the true picture that it presents of the Old South. Athens, its county seat, was founded in 1816 before the county itself was officially organized. There on its quiet, oak lined streets, may be found many well-preserved ante-bellum houses—the homes of the old planter aristocracy.

The Pryor House, for instance, is designed in a Greek Revival pattern, and features a glass-enclosed cupola, where the master sat to watch his slaves at work. Then there's the home of George Houston, governor of Alabama in 1874; and the Mason House, used as a hospital when Athens became the first important town to be occupied by Federal troops during the War Between the States.

But these events are forgotten today as the Athens of more recent years looks to her future growth in a state of peace and se-

curity. She has found new strength and economy in aligning herself with the TVA; and through its further cooperation, she foresees great developments in electrical and industrial institutions.

A newspaper clipping we ran across recently takes us back to the past again, and tells the story of another long-forgotten Alabama county—Houston. In the early days of 1787 the area of what is now northern Alabama was merely a part of the vast territory owned by the state of Georgia. White settlements in the aforementioned area were few and far between.

Then, however, Georgia decided to develop the section north of the Tennessee River into a new county and open it for territorial expansion. The boundaries of Houston, as it was named, were to start near a place called Nickajack, some distance from the present Muscle Shoals, and extend along the bank of the Tennessee to the Georgia line.

A group of five commissioners and eighty other men were sent by the Georgia Legislature to establish the new county. They came down the river on flatboats to Muscle Shoals, set up a land office, and appointed military officers and magistrates.

We hear very little more about the old county of Houston from that time on. We do know that the settlers were kept in a state of terror for some months because of the constant Indian attacks and raids. And we also know that sometime later the territory became a part of Mississippi, then of Alabama, and was finally incorporated into the present Washington County.

But the name of Houston wasn't to leave Alabama historical records. Today, at the opposite end of the state, there is another Houston County, created a hundred years after the first was dissolved. Its name was chosen in honor of Governor George Houston, one of Alabama's Reconstruction leaders; and every step in its growth has reflected his ideals of truth and equality.

So today we think it will be especially interesting to take a look at the county seat of Houston County—Dothan. When we speak of this city, one of the first things that comes to our mind is the very heated controversy that raged for years as to how the name of the place should be spelled. Here's the way the story goes:

When the territory was first discovered in the 1830's by lumber and turpentine operators, it was named Poplar Head because of a thick poplar grove near the Chattahoochee River. Then as other

families gradually moved in, local authorities thought it time to establish a post office.

Application was carefully filled out and sent to the Post Office Department in Washington. But when the reply came back, it stated there was already a town in Alabama with the name of Poplar Head. To be cooperative, however, the Department suggested that the new settlement change its name to Dothen, spelled D-o-t-h-e-n. This was immediately done and the post office application granted.

But to get on with the story about the dispute over the spelling of Dothan—a Methodist minister came to the settlement in 1880 and suggested that the name be changed to D-o-t-h-a-n, because of the Biblical quotation, "I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothan.' "

Of course, there are always many people who oppose changes of any kind; and it was the same situation here. For almost thirty-one years the citizens argued over whether the name should be spelled with an "e" or an "a". In 1911 it was finally settled, without bloodshed, when a popular vote revealed that a majority of the people preferred *Dothan*.

Today, as we look back to the past, it seems that changing the spelling of the city's name had a definite effect on its progress; for from that time on, its growth was rapid. The early industries of lumbering and turpentine gave way to diversified agriculture, and peanut production became especially successful. Now an average of 75,000 tons is gathered every year, and a gala Peanut Festival is a high spot of the harvesting season. Cotton is also a major crop, averaging around 30,000 bales annually; and cattle raising and meat packing have made Dothan one of the outstanding counties of Alabama.

And now to our last early county. On December 7, 1821, an irregularly-shaped area lying between Jackson and Madison Counties was surveyed by the Legislature of Alabama and officially designated as Decatur County. It received its name from Commodore Stephen Decatur, the great American naval hero, and began at the Cherokee village of Santa. It was on this spot that Sequoyah, the famous Indian chief, made known his invention of an alphabet which was to revolutionize the history of his people by enabling them to communicate with each other at a distance.

To this generation, an early county only forty miles long and

three-quarters of a mile wide may not seem so important. But to the first settlers of that new territory it meant a place where those who were brave enough to venture into unknown territory could start new lives for themselves. A commission of government-chosen men was designated to have charge of the public lands; the first county seat was selected at Woodville; and the first post office was established. Incidentally, the proud postmaster received a salary of only \$5.94 a month.

But, to get on with the story—several years after Decatur was settled, the Alabama Legislature began making routine check-ups of the different county areas situated throughout the state. Then to its amazement it found that, in creating Decatur, it had unwittingly violated the Constitution. Land which composed that county measured less than the minimum of square miles required for the existence of an official county! So there was nothing to do but rectify the mistake by abolishing Decatur at once. In 1825, it ceased to function as a county, and the land which composed it was given to Madison and Jackson Counties.

To us now, the name Decatur stands, not for a county, but for the city of Decatur—the seat of Morgan County. In the early days when Alabama was still just a young state this town was a small settlement of North Carolina men and women. Like other villages near it, its chief function was to produce crops for the ever-expanding South.

It first began to assert itself in important affairs in 1826 when a rope and bagging factory was built to use the hemp grown along the river. Then there came the organization of water traffic; and steamboats made the river gay as they carried countless loads of supplies and agricultural products out to all parts of the state. It was this very importance as a distribution center, however, that ultimately led Decatur to reject the steamboat and take up more modern methods of transportation.

The shoals and rocky sections of the Tennessee River proved too big a hazard to shipping companies. Almost every boat that went out crashed and lost its cargo in the treacherous waters. So the railroad was introduced as a solution—a short line forty miles in length. A few years later, however, this was extended to reach from Decatur to Nashville, Tennessee, and in 1871 it was taken over by the L&N Railroad.

The entrance of so many railroad workers, repairmen, and train crews came close to destroying Decatur for a while. These new people settled just north of the town limits and gradually formed another community known as New Decatur. Rivalry sprang up between the two districts. Each had its own residential section and a thriving business center.

Finally, to satisfy the indignant citizens of Decatur, the new community changed its name to Albany. Then in 1927 the two cities were united under the present name of Decatur and began to work together for the development and progress of their city. Today Decatur is a fine example of what cooperation can do. . . .

LaFayette's Visit to Alabama . . .

Maude Lindsay, Friend of Children

MARCH 1, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **D**URING THE PAST few weeks Alabama has played host to a number of famous men and women. But as we heard the list, we couldn't help letting our mind leave the present for a moment and go back to a time so long ago when another celebrity paid a visit to Alabama. That man was LaFayette, the famous French general.

During the Revolutionary War, and as a boy of twenty, he had come to America to aid in our fight against the English. When he almost lost his life in the Battle of Brandywine, the people of this country accepted him as a brother of freedom and made to him a pledge of loyalty that was to last as long as he lived. After the Revolution, LaFayette returned to France and achieved fame as one of her greatest generals.

Then in the early part of 1825, word came that he was planning a visit to America. At once all key cities began clamoring to be included in his tour; and Cahaba, the capital of the new Alabama, was no exception. Governor Israel Pickens and several old Revolutionary soldiers made eloquent pleas and painted such a glowing picture of our state that General LaFayette accepted the invitation to visit Alabama.

So, on April 1, 1825, an escort of two or three hundred people gathered at Fort Mitchell on the Chattahoochee to meet the distinguished visitor. Besides the colorfully-dressed state militia, prominent citizens and large numbers of Indians led by Chief Chilly McIntosh were also present. It was from them that LaFayette received his first official welcome to Alabama. The gorgeously-painted chief made a long, dignified, and formal address in the Indian language, to which the general replied in French.

Then the braves gave three loud whoops, seized the shafts of the great man's sulky, and drew him over to the Alabama delegation. For the next few minutes all was noise and confusion as the Frenchman shook hands, embraced old friends, listened to speeches, and watched a furious ball game being staged by fifty excited Indians!

Then the journey began to Cahaba. Of course, there were wild celebrations at every stop along the way; but the small village of Montgomery made one of the greatest impressions on the general. A record-breaking crowd assembled on "Goat Hill", site of the present capitol building.

The triumphant strains of "Hail to the Chief" poured forth and the joyous ringing of the bells mingled with the shouts of the people. That night a large reception and ball were held; and at midnight the entire village of Montgomery escorted LaFayette to the special boat that was waiting to carry him to Mobile, and from there to France. So ended the first and last trip to Alabama of one of the world's greatest men. . . .

As we were thinking of times past and times to come, we happened to see a group of children from the Alabama College kindergarten pass our window. It struck us that in the hands of kindergarten teachers lies the development of many of Alabama's future leaders. Since the kindergarten on this campus was organized many years ago, hundreds of boys and girls have passed on to high school, college, and the outside world. Each of these children owes his chance for early training to the ideals and courage of one Alabama woman—Maud Lindsay, great writer and teacher.

Born in Tuscumbia, she was the daughter of Alabama's great governor, Robert Burns Lindsay. Incidentally, this Scotchman was the only foreign-born leader that this state has ever had; and Maud Lindsay used to laughingly say that from him she inherited her crusading spirit and Scotch ability to make money go a long way. But she also received something from her Alabama mother—an intense love of the South, and a fierce pride in Southern achievement.

These traits became evident when she was just a young girl. As the governor's child, she had been educated in the most exclusive schools with the best social training obtainable. A future as one of Alabama's leading aristocrats had been clearly outlined for her.

But such things were not in Maud Lindsay's plans. For one day she calmly announced to her family that she had decided to open their home in Tuscumbia for kindergarten work and the poor underprivileged children of the factory workers were to become her pupils.

This then was the beginning of a great career. In 1898 she was asked to teach Alabama's first free kindergarten in East Florence,

and her success with the children there soon led to the opening of other little schools throughout the state. Then letters poured in from the East offering more important positions to Miss Lindsay, but she refused them all. Until the last day of her life she devoted her energies and talents to enriching the educational opportunities of Alabama's underprivileged children.

Many times it has been asked just what characteristic contributed most to Miss Lindsay's success as a teacher. Well, we here at Alabama College would surely say that it was her ability to tell stories. Every summer as a member of the Alabama Writers' Conclave, Miss Lindsay would gather around her each evening the entire student body and faculty, all the children in town, and the members of the Conclave. They all listened spellbound as she told stories of "Silverfoot", "Turkey Hen", "Jack Barefoot", and "The Boy Who Went to Town". . . .

Fish Stories and Marine Industries . . . Unusual Undertakings Make Alabama Leader in World of Business

MARCH 15, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **T**ODAY WE want to tell you one of those famous old fish stories. You've all heard at sometime or other the old saying, "It was raining bull frogs and little fishes." The other day we found out that once it really did rain fishes—right here in Montevallo, Alabama!

We're not sure just when this miraculous act took place; but it's said that one day after a particularly hard rain storm, one of Montevallo's leading citizens walked out on his front porch and saw, to his amazement, several live fish flopping mournfully about in the yard! Of course, the man couldn't resist telling the tale at the town's civic meeting that night; and of course no one believed him at all. The poor man took quite a ribbing from his friends, but he still maintained that he had found fish in his front yard.

The argument had almost assumed alarming proportions when the Baptist minister walked in. Immediately a group of men turned to him and said, "Look here, Preacher, this man says it rained fish today." They were all counting on the minister to dispell the story; so you can imagine their astonishment when he calmly replied, "Yes, I know it did. I have two of them in my goldfish bowl at home."

Well, this all sounds like a prize fish story, doesn't it? But there's really quite a logical explanation for the whole affair. You see, the raining of the fish occurred after a storm. Now it's known to science that during stormy weather certain low and high pressure areas are created in the atmosphere. One of these low pressure areas formed over the creeks which flow through Montevallo and created a sort of vacuum which sucked up a great deal of water from the creeks. Naturally, the fish came up too. Then when the storm was ended and the low pressure areas returned to normal, the water and fish fell to the ground again. So you see, despite how impossible it sounds, for at least once in Alabama history, it really rained "little fishes"!

But this still isn't the end of our fish story for today. We can't finish until we tell you about the many fish hatcheries in Alabama. Of course you've heard of those at Eastaboga, in Calhoun County, and at Aliceville, in Pickens County; but did you know that at Brewton there is the only goldfish hatchery in the South? And did you know that near Marion there is the largest warm-water fish hatchery to be found anywhere in the United States? . . .

The project at Marion, under the supervision of the Bureau of Fisheries, covers the amazingly large area of six hundred acres. This space is divided into many different rearing ponds, and each is diligently watched by specially trained assistants. Their job is to see that the baby fish are cared for tenderly, fed properly, and given the utmost attention.

Then at the proper time each year the small fish, almost a million in all, are loaded into immense tin cars and carried to the Alabama creeks and streams that need restocking. So when you take your first fishing trip this spring, be sure to give a smile of thanks to the Bureau of Fisheries as you pull up that big, fat bass!

Now here's a word for others of you who still like seafood. Your vote of thanks should go to the oyster division of the Department of Commerce, for it has made Alabama one of the leading oyster centers on the United States coast. Yes, in the early 1930's, when the effects of the depression were still very evident, an oyster development program using relief workers was begun by the State Department of Conservation and the Commerce Department. The barren bottoms of certain areas in Mobile Bay were chosen for the project, and thousands of oysters were planted. Today the seafood industry ranks high in Mobile, and the oysters found there are packed at factories in the area and sent to all parts of the world.

But Alabama has other industries that are worthy of mention also. Of course, you know that in Montgomery we find the South's greatest pickle producing center; but did you know that Alabama also has a very large bee industry? Now, most people suppose that bees are raised chiefly for the honey they produce. That may be true in many places, but in our state it's a different story. The majority of our buzzing friends are sent up North. In the northern part of the United States and Canada, bees can't possibly survive the cold weather they encounter. So every Spring it's necessary to start new hives all over again, and it's the queen breeders from Alabama which are shipped to the northern regions to produce honey supplies.

Now for the story of another strange industry—one which is usually associated with Japan. We're speaking now of the silk mill in Atmore, Alabama. This industry is just one more example of Alabama's foresight and planning. In the early part of 1939, before our silk supply from Japan was cut off, almost forty acres of mulberry trees were planted at the Atmore State Prison Farm. . . For months no apparent development occurred. But the directors of the farm were patiently watching, waiting, and they saw the small trees slowly begin to grow and flourish in the Alabama soil.

Then they straightway notified the New York Silk Worm Industry that here in Alabama they had found a means of growing the only food on which silk worms could possibly survive. Immediately a contract was signed, and two million baby worms began their journey to Atmore.

Today because of the silk industry, there seems to be a new and great agricultural development possible in the near future. It's been found that each acre of land planted in mulberry trees is capable of producing from \$300-\$400 per crop, and under favorable conditions as many as ten crops may be raised in a single season. Alabama is one of the few sections in America capable of growing these trees; so who knows? Before very long many of our idle acres of land may be put under cultivation as farmers are called on to supply silk mills, and the white mulberry tree may bring a new industry to South Alabama.

Speaking of new industries reminds us—did you know that Alabama may soon become an important oil-producing state? Yes, since this valuable resource was first discovered several years ago, we have developed a total of over thirty actively producing wells; and future supply seems unlimited. There are wells in Choctaw, Clarke, Wilcox, and Walker Counties. Gilbertown, in Choctaw County, has twenty-four of its own.

Oil companies from all over the United States have established drill units in Alabama; and now an announcement has been made that the Hunt Company of Dallas, Texas, intends to build a \$500,-000 oil refinery at Tuscaloosa. It will have a daily capacity of between 2,500 and 3,000 barrels, and should be able to handle most of the oil now produced in Choctaw. Oilmen of Alabama say with enthusiasm that the new refinery is one of the greatest steps that has ever been made toward establishing this state as an oil center. So we have another great industrial advancement for generations of the future!

You know, as citizens in this nation of mechanized and electrical conveniences, sometimes we may be inclined to become a little complacent at times. All too often we fail completely to recognize the potential possibilities of Alabama in the role of national and world importance.

Take our attitude toward aluminum, for instance. Up until just a few years ago our closest contacts with this product were the boilers, toasters, saucepans, and measuring cups that we used in our kitchens every day. No one ever stopped to consider where these great American utensils came from. Then, however, war came; and suddenly aluminum became a subject of vital importance to everyone in this state. It was made known that at Listerhill, Alabama, the Reynolds Metals Company had a plant that was producing millions of pounds of virgin aluminum monthly and making a vital contribution to the growing air power of the Allies. Furthermore, the plant was discovered to be the only one in the entire world where bauxite entered and emerged in the form of fabricated aluminum ready for commercial use.

When these facts became known to Alabamians, their curiosity about aluminum was aroused; and they straightway began asking just how and where it all came to be started. They found the story to be a strange one. It began almost sixty years ago with a boy by the name of R. S. Reynolds. He was the nephew of the famous tobacco magnate, R. J. Reynolds; and it was a foregone conclusion that when the boy became old enough, he should go to work as one of his uncle's tobacco salesmen. Well, he took the job; and every week he traveled over and over his territory for the handsome sum of fifteen dollars.

As you can see, there was obviously no future in such a position, and the boy soon came to that realization. He left the world of tobacco and struck out on his own. For years he had a constant series of remarkable adventures, and one of these was the invention of a new type of waterproof package—tinfoil.

This was designed to be a definite rival of the great tin-can industry, but R. S. Reynolds almost failed to make a success of his new business. The foil was made of aluminum and was sold to the tobacco, cheese, and candy manufacturers for wrappers. But all of the raw materials needed to make the foil had to be purchased from an aluminum company which held a monopoly on its production.

Time passed, and at last Mr. Reynolds decided to brave the well-established aluminum markets and go into the aluminum business for himself. He met with stiff opposition from the monopoly groups, but won his fight. By 1941 Reynolds Metals Company had two huge aluminum production plants in operation: one at Listerhill, and the other at Longview, Washington. Today the company is the second largest producer of aluminum in the world; and during the war it produced for our fighting men more aluminum metal than the combined total production of the United States, France, and England a few years before the war.

You know, it makes us in Alabama very proud when we hear of stories like this because they illustrate so well the part that we as individuals and as groups can play in the world. And while we're on the subject of contributions to the war effort, we should all remember the great work done by the hosiery mills of Fort Payne.

This industry was first begun in 1915, when W. B. Davis established a new mill to make children's ribbed stockings. The industry wasn't a large one, and only a few dozen people were employed there. Since it was located in the small, almost remote, town of Fort Payne, it seemed hardly likely that the mill would ever develop into any noteworthy project.

Then, however, as the years passed, and new machinery was introduced, men and women became interested in experimenting with new types of stockings and socks. Gradually their work brought results in the form of several new and unusual patents on hosiery; and one of these was the Cushion Sole Sox. They're cushioned throughout the sole, toe, and heel with a soft, absorbent material that comfortably relaxes the feet and keeps them dry and cool. In addition, the new socks are knit to fit and thus wear many times longer than the usual make of hosiery.

With such advantages apparent in their product, the Davis Hosiery Mill came to the attention of the United States Government not long after Pearl Harbor. By that time it had become obvious that our country would be forced to raise an immense army—one which could fight all over the world, in all climates. Naturally one of the most necessary items of warfare is clothing for our men. The War Department began testing many kinds of wearing apparel in the California deserts; and it found that, of all socks tested, those made by the Davis Hosiery Mill of Fort Payne were

the most satisfactory. In the torrid climate of the South Pacific jungles they would be especially adaptable.

So, at the request of the Government, the Alabama hosiery mill turned to war production. New knitting machines were added, more employees hired, and a system of shrinkproofing wool socks was devised. By the last of 1944, over eight million pairs of Cushion Sole Sox had been delivered to the Army; and the same patent perfected by the mill at Fort Payne was being used in sixty other mills throughout the country. For this splendid contribution to the success of our armed forces, the W. B. Davis Hosiery Mill was awarded the Army-Navy "E", thus becoming the first mill in the United States to receive the award for the exclusive manufacture of hosiery.

Strawberry Brings Prosperity to Cullman . . . One of Alabama's Most Fascinating Legends: Story of the Russian Princess

APRIL 26, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ OUR ATTENTION was caught last night by a newspaper item which said, "The next few months to come are scheduled to be among the most exciting in Alabama's history; for they will mark the first peacetime observances of our famous spring, summer, and fall festivals!"

As soon as we saw that statement, we began going over just how many special festivals there really are in this state; and there are dozens of them. There's the River Boat Regatta at Guntersville; the Alabama Deep Sea Fishing Rodeo at Dauphin Island, Mobile; the Garden Pilgrimage at Montgomery; the Alabama State Fair at Birmingham; the Monte Sano Festival at Huntsville; and, of course, Mardi Gras at Mobile.

Each of these annual events is of state-wide importance and is worth several hours of talk. But one which we've decided to tell you a little about today is held in a certain county for a special group of people. Yes, it's the Strawberry Festival of Cullman. It officially begins this year on May 6, when a big talent show is held at the Cullman Theatre. Seven girls representing the county's different high schools will take part in the show, and from them the Strawberry Queen for 1946 will be chosen.

Then on the following day, Miss Estelle Vines, the Cullman County Home Demonstration Agent, will fly to Washington with fifteen cases of carefully-selected strawberries. One of these will be presented, with Cullman's compliments, to President Truman at the White House; and the others will be served at a special luncheon for the Alabama Congressman.

These sound like exciting events, but in reality, they are only the beginning of the gaiety that accompanies the Strawberry Festival. . . And so once again, as in times past, the people of Cullman will pay tribute to the strawberry which made them famous.

We in Alabama can learn a great deal from the thriving, prosperous Cullman County of today. In it we can see clearly what is

possible through cooperation and determined effort; from it we can realize the contributions which people of different nationalities have made to our history; and we have before us the results of the dreams and hopes of one man.

That man was Johann Gottfried Cullman, a citizen of Bavaria. During the great Danish War his chief occupation had been that of a mercantile dealer, and on the side he had carried on many speculative enterprises. But always as he worked, planned, and made financial arrangements, he was carrying in his heart an earnest dream for a future where he might leave the want and oppression of Europe.

It was to America, the land of opportunity, that he hoped to go. He wanted to take friends from Germany with him, that they might build a colony where all Germans could live in peace and happiness.

So in 1865, Johann Cullman left his native land and set sail for America. For the first few years after he arrived here, it seemed that his dream would never be realized. He had no money, no friends, and no place to live. He hadn't the faintest idea how to go about finding an unsettled state where he might begin his new colony. So he took a job as clerk in a New York store; then he shifted to Philadelphia; and finally landed in Cincinnati. It was here that he at last found a group of Germans, and to them he told his great plans.

They listened eagerly and they liked his ideas. A German colony in a new state! Yes, it would be a wonderful thing! It would be a place for people from the homeland to come; and then too, Germans might come from other states in America. Yes, the people were enthusiastic; but they were unable to tell Cullman how to begin his colony. Perhaps some other group might know. They didn't.

So Johann Cullman began traveling all over the United States, seeking someone, anyone who would help with his dream. In 1871, he came to Florence, Alabama, where he met ex-Governor Robert M. Patton. Here at last was the man who was to help pave the way for a German colony. He furnished a horse and wagon to Cullman, accompanied him on visits around the nearby countryside, and when an almost completely unoccupied section was found in the Cumberland Plateau, he helped Cullman to acquire the land.

A contract was entered into with the North and South Railroad Company, and the German settler found himself the agent for 349,000 acres of land. It was his at last to give to his people, but under the terms of the contract he had to pay all the expenses of advertising and of bringing to America the immigrants for the territory.

Here Cullman once again ran into difficulty. He couldn't possibly finance newspaper stories; there was no money to charter boats; and no way of providing food for the new arrivals. No, his dream of a colony for his countrymen must wait. Other people already here in America would have to be the first settlers. So Cullman returned to Cincinnati and called on his friends in America to come South. Fifteen families were persuaded to move, and in April the first five arrived in Alabama.

Needless to say, they were all greatly surprised at what they found. The spot they were to settle was a perfect wilderness. There were no roads, no bridges across streams, and no sign of life except a few huts formerly occupied by railroad workers. But the people weren't discouraged. They set to work felling trees, building houses, and planting gardens such as they had owned in Ohio. And so when the first immigrants began to arrive from Germany, a small but flourishing community was already established.

It was these new settlers, however, who were to really encounter all the hardships of frontier life. Most of them had come from the upper Rhine where relatively good soil was common. They had been trained in diversified farming and had the knowledge of how to grow grasses, alfalfa, grains, and fruits.

Almost their first act in America was to plant hundreds of grapevines and fruit trees like the ones in Germany, but these developed slowly in a soil not suited for them. So poverty and distress came upon the settlement of Cullman. Families were forced to live almost entirely on potatoes and corn meal; their houses were crude and often without heat. Every crop they turned to failed, and they lost more and more money.

Then finally there came the 1880's and new hope came when a man by the name of Andrew Kessler returned from a trip to Cincinnati. With him he brought a handful of small plants which he announced were strawberries. A few of the farmers undertook to grow the plants; and so there came the beginning of an indus-

try that was to put Cullman on the map and to make her known throughout the world as one of its greatest strawberry producing centers. . . .

Now we want to leave the talk of festivals, and tell you the story that has come down through the years as one of the most interesting and mysterious tales in the history of this state.

It began very long ago in the year 1721, when a group of German colonists walked slowly down the gangplank of a rough wooden ship and set foot for the first time on the soil of Mobile, Alabama. There was apparently nothing unusual about these new immigrants—they seemed much like every other group who had immigrated to the new world. There were men, women, and children; some were wealthy, with well-made clothes and a haughty air; others were poor farmers and bore looks of toil and suffering; still others were servants with their backs bent by the load of trunks and supplies.

Yes, at first glance they were nothing more than just another group who had come to seek their fortune in Alabama. But then suddenly the picture changed as one person—a woman—came into focus. She had great beauty and a rare charming manner. Her dress, and especially her jewels, indicated not only a station of respect, but also one of wealth. To the Germans who were viewing her for the first time since the long voyage had begun, she was awe-inspiring. They wanted to know who she was, what country she had come from, and why she had chosen to sail to a wild, unknown land where such great perils existed.

The woman smiled slowly at their questions and then proudly began her story. She was the daughter of the great Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbittel, she said; and her husband was Prince Alexis Petrowitz, son of none other than Peter the Great, ruler over all Russia!

The laws decreed that someday she should sit on the throne and govern by her husband's side. But the chance for such a future would never come now. The Prince had lost his love for her, and for months he treated her cruelly and without respect. Finally she'd been unable to endure his tyranny any longer, and had left the kingdom of Russia and fled to the most distant region known to her—Alabama.

"My husband has told the world that I am dead," the beautiful princess continued, "but he says this only to conceal the scandal of my flight and to explain my absence from the court circles of St. Petersburg. If he found out that I were here, he would declare me an imposter! But believe me, I am the real princess."

Such a story was almost beyond belief; but with her clever words and her revelations of the inner secrets of the Russian court, the woman gradually began to win the confidence of the German colonists and to be accepted into their way of life. Then as the months passed and Peter the Great sent Prince Alexis abroad in an attempt to reform him, the story took on new strength. And when a dashing young French officer said positively that he had seen the Russian princess once and that she was undoubtedly the same woman who lived near Mobile, all doubt was erased.

Incidentally, this Frenchman, Chevalier d'Aubant, later married the princess and took her to Paris with him. It was there that they lived in great splendor until the Chevalier's death several years later, and it was there that the woman's wily deception was ultimately discovered. One day as she walked through the Garden in the Tuileries, she was met face to face by the marshall of Saxé and recognized at last, not as the Russian princess, but as one of her humble attendants!

Through a twist of fate, the girl had greatly resembled her royal mistress, and this fact, plus the manners she had acquired through contact with the highest Russian society, inspired her to steal into the princess's room one night and take her money and jewels. Then the servant girl had escaped to Alabama and announced herself as the Russian princess.

It's often wondered what became of the real princess and why the strange story never reached the Czar. No one knows the answers. They're another part of the mystery. But then it's often wondered how she managed to deceive the Chevalier d'Aubant, her husband, for so many years. That, perhaps, can be explained when you recall that he had seen the real princess only once; and when this woman came along with her beauty, her bearing, her jewels, he was fooled completely. On her ill-gotten wealth he lived for years and died in ignorance of her real identity.

But the story of a woman who played one of the greatest tricks ever known on the world, didn't end there. It continued until

her popularity and wealth began to fade and finally closed as she died a pauper in a lonely garret somewhere in France.

She left behind her a young daughter, and so the fascinating tale of mystery began once more. Now all the world wants to know what became of this child. There are some who say that she eventually made her way to Russia and became a favorite of the Czar. Still others believe that she lived and died in the slums of Paris. But there is another group which scoffs at both these ideas and say that the daughter of the false princess returned to Alabama and her descendents live among the people of Mobile today.

There you have the story. What actually became of the girl, no one knows. Perhaps no one ever will. But it took years to discover the true identity of her mother, so who knows? Perhaps someday a historian will accidentally stumble across the solution, and then the romantic story will be pieced together and presented to the world. . . .

FBI Maintains Secret Service School in Birmingham. . . Settlement of Montevallo. . . Alabama College . . . The King Family

MAY 17, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **W**E WANT to take a moment today to tell you about a book which has just been published; and though it isn't by an Alabamian, we think you'll like it anyway. The name of it is *Starling of the White House*, and it is the story of Edmund Starling's thirty years as a White House Secret Service man. It was his duty never to let the presidents out of his sight; so, as you can imagine, the book is full of intimate and entertaining details of the private lives of some of our greatest men. . . .

All these things are interesting, but the part of the book which we enjoyed most dealt with Starling's life before he went into the Secret Service. Several of those years were spent in Birmingham, Alabama, as a special agent for the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. A wonderful picture of this great city is painted for you. You can almost see the daring train robberies of the early 1900's as Starling describes them, and you follow the vivid trail of the railroad detectives on their miles of weary pursuit. Starling's success in this field won him a chance to apply for the U. S. Secret Service, and to train for the great role of Presidential guard, he was sent back to Birmingham.

This was the first we'd heard of a secret service training school in Alabama; but such a school did exist in Birmingham a long time ago; and now, over thirty years later, another almost like it has begun operation.

This school was brought about as a result of an inquiry conducted by the FBI. Officials in Washington asked Lofton Rutledge, Jefferson County's Veterans Service Commissioner, to recommend men for secret service work in the nation's capital. At once Rutledge began to conduct surveys throughout the state to find a school that would train the men needed. To the surprise of everyone, he found no such school in existence. Apparently not since the early 1900's had any attention been given to the necessity for men who were skilled in fingerprinting and detective work.

Rutledge saw the opportunity of a lifetime slipping away from the ex-service men of Alabama. But he refused to admit defeat. Before reporting to the FBI that no school was available, he consulted the Veterans' Bureau and convinced the officials that there were many men of war who were anxious and willing to go into government work.

So a new type of school has been established in Birmingham. It's to be under the direction of John MacFarland, identifications officer for Jefferson County; and all men who are interested in taking part in a much-needed government program may go there for training.

This then is another step in Alabama's contributions to the nation. There are many more taking place around us every day. But as important as they all are, today they're pushed somewhat into the background as our seniors take a last look around Alabama College and the community of which it is a part. . . .

We'll miss them, and they'll miss us, but perhaps most of all they'll miss the old stories and familiar landmarks which tell of Montevallo's contributions to the people of Alabama.

Few towns in this state have had so quaint a history as Montevallo. In times which are almost forgotten now, its springs and hunting grounds served as a favorite locality for Indian tribes; in 1815 Jesse Wilson and the first group of white settlers made their appearance and called the territory "Wilson's Hill"; then two years later a man by the name of Edmund King entered the state.

During the Revolutionary War he had been a planter in Georgia; and there he had seen all kinds of hate, fighting, and hardships. When the war was finally over, he made up his mind to move his family to a spot that had been untouched by war and suffering. He didn't know just where that place would be, but he was determined to find it. So he traveled to New Orleans, then to Mobile, through miles and miles of scorched wasteland. Nowhere was there the peaceful spot of his dreams. Then finally he reached Selma. It was there that some instinctive judgment seemed to prompt him from within, for he rented a horse and headed in the direction of what is now Montevallo.

At "Wilson's Hill" Edmund King decided to settle. He built a small crude cabin and to it brought his family in two covered wagons. With them to help him, he visioned a great future in the

land of fine springs and nut-bearing trees. Before very long his faith in that future was justified. In 1819 Congress admitted Alabama into the Union and set aside over 461,080 acres for the establishment of a state university. It so happened that all the public lands around "Wilson's Hill" were selected under this grant, and the small settlement itself was chosen as the site of the University of Alabama.

The Reverend Alva Woods, first president of the school, came to "Wilson's Hill," laid off its streets at right angles, and renamed it Montevallo, an Italian word meaning "on a mound, in a valley." Elaborate plans were made for the state school, but fortune was fickle. Before any actual construction could be begun, the site of the University was unexpectedly changed to Tuscaloosa.

The loss of such educational opportunities didn't stop the development of Montevallo, however. She became the terminus of the second railway built in Alabama; planters from Tuscaloosa, Jefferson, Blount, Walker, St. Clair, and even Calhoun Counties brought their garden supplies there to exchange for merchandise: stage and caravan lines radiated in all directions; and the beaux and belles of the small village of Birmingham came to trade at Montevallo, one of the largest towns in Alabama.

In the midst of all this growth, Edmund King, the planter from Georgia was always a central figure. From the flourishing business firms of Montevallo he gained more and more money. Finally he became one of the richest men in the whole settlement, and it was then that he decided to build Mansion House for his family.

This place has gone down in the history of Shelby County as the first brick structure in this territory. It's a familiar sight to all of us today, but in those olden times it was a wonder to behold! People from the town gathered curiously to watch King's slaves mould the bricks from the clay of Shoals Creek. They marveled at the strength of the bricks. And when the two-story rectangular-shaped house was completed, they could hardly believe their eyes. The windows of the house were glass! Never before had such things been seen in this part of the state! To the people they seemed wonderful, but impractical. Why, they would be broken at almost a single touch, it would be hard to keep them clean, and there would never be any privacy for the King family!

Yes, these were the things the neighbors said; but the idea of a progressive age was dawning upon them. In no time at all every lady in Shelby County had been to inspect the Mansion House; and as soon as they returned home, every husband in the county received an ardent plea for glass windows!

So progress came to Montevallo, and under Edmund King's direction it continued. He was an intensely religious man, and he donated all the ground for the Baptist Church. He gave countless acres of land for the building of public roads. He erected a long addition to his house and used it as a refuge for young men who had become orphans with no home of their own. Then in 1851, educational opportunities once more came to Montevallo; and Edmund King helped provide the first building for the private instruction of young men.

Those of you who are familiar with the history of Montevallo know that the school established at that time didn't last for very long. After about six or seven years, lack of funds forced it to be discontinued; and the Montevallo Male and Female Institute of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church took its place. The young men who came to the school stayed in the Lyman residence, and the ladies stayed in the present Reynolds Hall.

In front of this building men were later mustered into service for the War Between the States and some of them came back to be cared for in the Confederate hospital there. All time and energy were devoted to winning the war, and such things as schooling were forgotten. The Male and Female Institutes were abandoned.

Other attempts were made to establish schools through the years, but each one failed. It wasn't until 1895 that the legislature offered Montevallo to the state as the location for an Alabama Girls' Industrial School. The old Male Institute building became the nucleus of the plant, and seven teachers volunteered to become guides for the young women of this state.

You know the rest of the story. The school today is Alabama College, the State College for Women. The old original building which housed the early boys' school and served as a Confederate hospital has been remodeled and now serves as a modern Student Union building. On the first floor there are the offices of the Student Government Association, the Alumnae Secretary, and the Vocational Adviser. There's also a reception hall, loafing porch, tea room, post office, banquet hall, and kitchen.

The second floor, which once served as a dormitory for teachers and students, now houses Reynolds Theatre, the YWCA office, and the student publications offices. Time has almost erased the traces of long ago.

And in our busy campus life of today, old Mansion House, too, is still a central point, housing offices of the Student Counselor and of the Psychology Department.

From King House people of all ages, nationalities, and creeds have gone forth to make their places in the world. It's impossible to name every one of them; so in this, the fiftieth year of Alabama College's existence, we pay tribute to those members of the King family who have gone down in history. There is Col. Peyton Griffin King, a pioneer builder of Birmingham; Capt. Edmund Thomas King, who fought against such heavy odds in the Confederate Army; Lt. Com. Frank Ragan King, of World War I; and Mrs. Idyll King Sorsby, founder of Alabama Day.

These people have each contributed to the heritage of Montevallo and the college. They've been inspirations to every student here, and members of the graduating class will always remember their greatness. . . .

Veterans of Both Sexes Enroll at Alabama College . . . Foreign Students . . . Dr. Pierson Is Guest of French Government

OCTOBER 4, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **W**E CAN hardly realize that the summer is over, and school days are here again. Alabama College has a record enrollment, and the campus is swarming with students—girl students, foreign students, special students, and *male* students.

Yes, this college for girls has men now; there're some forty male veterans enrolled here this year. But we also have veterans of the other sex too, and we're proud to help those boys and girls who served this country; we're sure they couldn't have chosen a better place. . . .

We're also happy to welcome to our campus this year twelve foreign students; one from Hawaii, four from France, and seven from Central and South America. These girls are under the direction of Dr. Lorraine Pierson, head of the Foreign Language Department at Alabama College. Dr. Pierson has just returned from France where she was guest of the French Government; and since this trip was of considerable importance, we've asked her to answer a few questions for us today.

Dr. Pierson, we're glad to see you back on the campus.

Thank you, I'm glad to be back again. I returned so recently that I've hardly had time to unpack, but I do appreciate this opportunity to tell about my trip.

We're anxious to know all about it, but first can you tell us the purpose of the trip?

The war years had interrupted free interchange among scholars. Last year England invited a small group of European scholars to her shores to help reestablish these international contacts. The experiment was considered of sufficient importance and success that France decided to extend similar invitations to all the allied countries.

Well, we're very proud of you because you represented not only Alabama College, but also the whole southeastern section of the country. But now let's hear about the trip. What were your impressions? . . .

. . . All of France has suffered terribly. The northern and western coasts became targets for the Allies to make the conquest of Germany possible. The southern and southeastern coasts were centers of attacks to secure landings in the Mediterranean area and to clear France of German troops and naval bases. The eastern front suffered both from the invading and the retreating Germans. In addition, railroads, bridges, and industrial areas were bombed. Later I saw many places in France where the people will suffer for a long time to come. . . .

Tell us, Dr. Pierson, did you find that Paris had changed much?

I'll answer that by saying that I felt an immense relief that Paris had been spared the fate of Le Havre. During the first days of the Peace Conference, the most famous buildings and monuments were illuminated at night by flood lights; and the effects were beautiful. I'll never forget passing the Louvre and seeing the Arc de Triomphe against the silhouette of the Arc de Carrousel.

Then Paris really didn't suffer from the war?

No, no, I wouldn't want to leave the impression that Paris didn't suffer too. There're many ways to suffer besides being bombed, such as being cold, hungry, and diseased—humiliations are often harder to endure than bombings. Bullet-scarred buildings and torn-up streets frequently call to mind the liberation of Paris. I remember one evening as I was passing the statue of the Lion de Belfort with a former French exchange student from Alabama College; and she said to me, "Beneath that statue in the Catacombs were located the headquarters of the French Resistance." Naturally, I could never pass there afterwards without its having a new significance for me.

That must have sent a tingle down your spine. Is rationing still as severe in France as formerly, Dr. Pierson? That's something that all of us are anxious to hear about.

Oh yes, Americans find it hard to believe that practically all necessary articles of life: food, clothing, gasoline—not to mention countless other things—are still strictly rationed. Some things are

available for small children only, and no one over eighteen can obtain milk without a doctor's prescription. A bread coupon is necessary even to secure a slice of bread or a sandwich in a restaurant. I had dinner at the home of one of our former exchange students; as a small wedge of cheese was passed, a casual remark made me realize that that small quantity of cheese was a whole month's ration for a family of four.

In the home of another student, when I admired the smart-looking knitted suit that the little four year old son was wearing, I was proudly told that it had been made from raveled wool socks, too worn to be mended again. The husband's suit had been turned inside out and remade by a tailor because of the scarcity and expense of woolen materials.

Well, its things like this that make us stop and think. But with conditions as bad as you say, do you think there is any hope of improvement this winter?

This will be a difficult winter. In addition to the scarcity of food there is an acute lack of fuel for heating purposes. Practically all the coal must be used for industrial development, which is of the utmost importance to France to provide employment and to produce goods for export trade. Otherwise France cannot hope to build up foreign credits to buy much-needed raw materials, machines, tools, etc. The French people are keenly aware of this and are courageously doing without many things in order to bring about the economic recovery of their country as speedily as possible. It is the people of a nation that make it great, and the French people are determined that France shall continue to maintain her position in world affairs and to uphold the cultural and intellectual traditions for which she has been so famous.

Thank you very much, Dr. Pierson, for that most interesting account of your trip. We at Alabama College are concerned about existing conditions all over the world, and we are eager to cooperate with you in some capacity that may be of help to those who are suffering as a result of the war. . . .

Alabama College Alumnae Hold Important State Offices . . . Carmichael Family of Ala- bama Among Nation's Leading Educators

OCTOBER 18, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **A**T THE BEGINNING of the week, we here in the studio thought we'd never be able to move another muscle to put on a program of any sort, but now we've all recovered from our three days of Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration. . . .

It was during the program Monday morning that we decided to change our original plans and talk to you about something else today. It started like this: Alabama College bestowed honorary doctorates on two women: Dr. Martha Lucas, president of Sweet Briar College, in Virginia, and Mrs. Edwina Mitchell, of Florence, Alabama. They were given these degrees because they have not only made a success of their professions but because they also symbolize the heights to which a woman of today may reach.

Mrs. Mitchell holds a state office, and we began to wonder how many women held public offices in Alabama. On investigation we found that only four women head important departments in our State government; so we thought you'd like to learn a little something about these four women.

Let's consider Mrs. Mitchell, a graduate of Alabama College, who's among the first women of our state to pioneer in the field of politics. A woman who is, at the present, an associate member of the State Board of Pardon and Paroles, Mrs. Mitchell has proved that women are as capable of taking part in governmental affairs as are men.

Mrs. Mitchell was born in New Orleans to Charles and Ida Donally, who later moved to Florence, Alabama. She received her early education in the public schools at Billingsley and was graduated from Alabama College. Later she attended Vanderbilt Law School, and after finishing there, she served as Assistant Attorney General of Alabama for three years, as chairman of the State Pardon Board for one year, and later resigned to become recording secretary to Governor W. W. Brandon. In January of 1939, she was appointed Assistant Attorney General, and in September of

the same year was appointed to her present position by Governor Dixon.

She has held many other significant offices, such as president of Southeastern State Probation and Parole Conference, State vice-chairman of the Executive Committee, and president of the Alabama chapter of American Society for Public Administration.

Now let's take a look at other Alabama women who hold important state offices: there is Sybil Pool, Secretary of State; Loula Dunn, Commissioner of Public Welfare; and Addie Lee Farish, head of the Department of Commerce. Loula Dunn is from Grove Hill, Alabama. . . She received her education in public schools at Grove Hill and attended Alabama Polytechnic Institute and the University of North Carolina. In 1940 she received the degree of LL. D. from Alabama College.

For ten years she was a member of the staff of Child Welfare Department, at one time serving as assistant director. In 1943 she was appointed regional supervisor of social work in six states, having previously served as director of social service for the Alabama Relief Administration. She was appointed Commissioner of the State Department of Public Welfare by Governor Bibb Graves and began her duties in 1937.

Still further honor was accorded Miss Dunn when she served as Alabama representative at the 1940 White House Conference on Children in a Democracy. At the present she is vice-president of the Child Welfare League of America, is a member of the U. S. Children's Bureau Commission on Children in Wartime, and is chairman of the War Services Committee of the American Public Welfare Association. We may definitely say that Miss Dunn is another woman who is taking her place beside our men in serving our state. . .

The third of our public-minded women is Miss Addie Lee Farish, director of the Department of Commerce. Born at Sedan, in Wilcox County, she attended the State Normal School at Livingston, and Huntingdon College, receiving a diploma in Art from the latter. She also certified in Religious Education and was an instructor in that department at Huntingdon for four years.

For almost a decade after this, she was employed in the bank of Camden, serving as bookkeeper, assistant cashier, cashier, and executive officer. From 1931 to 1934, she was office assistant and

examiner for the State Banking Department; and from 1934 to 1940 she was Deputy Superintendent of Banks, then becoming Director of the Department of Commerce, Superintendent of Banks, and Loan Commissioner of the State of Alabama.

And now for the last of our four Alabama stateswomen—Sybil Pool, Secretary of State, from Linden in Marengo County. Like Mrs. Mitchell, she is a graduate of Alabama College; and in her public life has served under three governors, Graves, Dixon, and Sparks. In 1936 she was appointed by Governor Bibb Graves to the legislature to fill the unexpired term of W. Clint Harrison, who became a member of the Public Service Commission. Then at election time in 1938 she ran for this position in the legislature and was elected. She was reelected to the legislature in 1942.

In 1944 she was appointed by Governor Sparks to fill the position of Secretary of State left vacant by Howell Turner, who became a member of the Board of Pardon and Paroles. Just this year she was elected to the office of Secretary of State. So you see she must be a remarkable woman indeed to hold two offices by appointment and later by vote of the people. . . .

We of Alabama College are particularly proud that Edwina Mitchell and Sybil Pool received their education at this institution and that, at the present, we have on our faculty the only woman ever to be a member of the Legislative Council of Alabama, Dr. Hallie Farmer, Head of the Department of History. . .

Speaking of the Monday morning program of our Fiftieth Anniversary celebrations, we heard another statement that made us swell with pride: "The four families in the United States contributing the most to education include the Comptons of Ohio, the Hutchens of Ohio and Illinois, the Poteats of North Carolina, and the Carmichaels of Alabama." This last was no surprise, however, for all four sons of the Carmichael family are outstanding teachers and religious leaders; and their influence is felt throughout the nation.

Dr. Oliver Cromwell Carmichael, one of the principal speakers at the celebration and former Rhodes scholar, was at one time dean and then president of Alabama College. Later he served as chancellor of Vanderbilt University and now is president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

He and his brothers were born at Goodwater, Alabama; and each of them has achieved distinction. Patrick Henry Carmichael,

Presbyterian minister and director of education for the Southern Presbyterian Church, has written many outstanding articles and reviews for religious journals. Alabama College claims him too, for he was at one time assistant professor of Religious Education here on our campus.

Robert Daniel and Fitzhugh Lee Carmichael are the mathematicians of the family. The former, who will retire next summer from his post as dean of the graduate school of the University of Illinois, has written many learned articles of a mathematical and scientific nature.

Fitzhugh Lee Carmichael has served with the Works Progress Administration in Washington, D. C., and the Division of Social Research. He is now professor of statistics at the University of Denver.

Other brothers include Dr. William M. and Dr. Joseph N. Carmichael, Fairfield physicians; and Dr. John L. Carmichael, Birmingham.

Yes, Alabama has many things of which to be proud, but perhaps she's proudest of her citizens. . . .

Alumnae Succeed in Fields of Music and Art. . . Importance of Art in Everyday Life Stressed

NOVEMBER 15, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **W**E HERE on Alabama College campus are still talking about the concert given Monday night by Marian Hughes, one of the loveliest and most gifted artists Alabama has contributed to the stage and radio. A titian-haired, lyric soprano, she has met with outstanding success as a Powers model and as a star of light opera.

Marion Hughes began her musical career at Alabama College; and after graduation went to Philadelphia for further study in voice. There she became a Powers model in order to gather funds for more advanced study; and when her work as a model took her from Philadelphia to New York, she continued her study.

Meanwhile she was making a name for herself with concerts in New England, the Southern States, the Mid-West, and Canada; and refusing to confine herself to this type of work alone, she has also starred in operettas with the Papermill Playhouse in Millburn, N. J., the St. Louis Municipal opera, and the Broadway musical, "Glad to See You." Last Spring, with only forty-eight hours notice, Marian substituted for the soprano lead with the Sigmund Romberg orchestra on tour.

During the war, she toured Hawaii and the Mariannas as soprano soloist and master of ceremonies for a U. S. O. group. She now has her own radio program in New York.

As we said a moment ago, Marian Hughes is a graduate of Alabama College; and as a student here she was elected "College Musician," a college beauty, and was chosen for *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities*. So although her home is in Gadsden, her Alma Mater joins with Gadsden in claiming her. Her concert here Monday night was her first professional engagement in this state; but we'll be hearing more about Marian Hughes. . . .

Alabama is contributing a considerable amount of talent to the arts. Whether it's drama, music, paintings, Alabama is well-represented in each field. Just the other day we came across the familiar name of Jane Flurry, who is another graduate of Alabama College. She received special mention for water-colors entered in the South-

eastern Exhibition. This first Southeastern Exhibition in Atlanta hopes to encourage more artistic expression in the South. . . .

Then right here in Alabama, the same purpose is found in local exhibits. In Montgomery, the Alabama Art League is sponsoring an exhibit of works at the Fine Arts Museum. This League was begun in 1930 for the purpose of finding works of local artists. Nor is Montgomery our only art-minded town. During National Art Week, which has just ended, the town of Enterprise sponsored a special exhibit, as did several other places through the state. . . .

Art today plays an important part in every school curriculum. It has added a fourth "R" to the traditional 3 "R's"—we now have *reading, writing, 'rithmetic, and rhythm*. It has been found that from the first grade, art is a means of self-expression and has become more and more necessary in all grades. And since this week and month are filled with important art exhibits, we asked Miss Dawn Kennedy, Head of the Art Department of Alabama College to explain a few of these happenings and to tell us why art has gained such an important place in our schools.

Miss Kennedy, can you tell us why there are so many exhibitions at present?

At one time we would have said because the artists wanted to exhibit their wares, but today it is another story. The public is asking for exhibitions, and many laymen are joining our art organizations.

And will you tell us what organizations are sponsoring these exhibits, Miss Kennedy?

In Alabama we have the Alabama Art League, the Water Color Society of Alabama, the Birmingham Art Club, and the Mobile Art Association. These organizations sponsor exhibitions and talks on art. Just now we have the Alabama Art League Exhibition on in the Montgomery Museum of Fine Arts, and we are looking forward to the December show of the Water Color Society at the Birmingham Public Library. . . .

Then we might say Alabama is really art-conscious. Can you tell us some of her most outstanding artists and something about them?

I think I might mention two. . . Although Anne Goldthwaite is classified in *Who's Who in American Art* as a New York artist,

she was born in Montgomery and spent her summers there. She is known for her painting and for her etchings, which are to be found in the leading museums such as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, and the Art Institute, in Chicago. The Junior League in Birmingham recently sponsored an exhibition of Anne Goldthwaite's work.

Another artist was Kelly Fitzpatrick, of Wetumpka, who was for many years president of the Alabama Art League, and who remained in Alabama to paint, to encourage others to paint, and to arouse an interest in painting. Mr. Fitzpatrick wanted to stay in Alabama, for he wanted to give to people in his paintings the sunlight as found in this state.

It's gratifying to learn that Alabama has so many distinguished artists. Miss Kennedy, would you say there's a definite trend towards any certain type of art in this State?

Yes, toward real art. That is, art in the tradition of that which is ageless. It may be called modern, for it certainly is in line with the recent trends.

That's very interesting, Miss Kennedy. Now a few minutes ago you mentioned the art work done in the public schools of the state. How would you say the boys and girls in our public schools are responding to this new real art?

It is just what they enjoy, for it is alive with color and movement, and it is something they can use in everyday living. You have already mentioned the 4R's. I would like to say that art is one of the 4R's for children. Rhythm in any art is important to the child. He swings a brush with the same joy that he sings and dances. . . .

Thank you so much for bringing us this interesting information, Miss Kennedy. We extend you an invitation to be with us again.

And since we've been talking about the schools, in conclusion we'd like to remind all you parents that this is American Education Week. It's been set aside so that you may see for yourself what is being done in the schools of today—and to give you a chance to observe progress of the schools in training your child to be a useful citizen. . . .

Birmingham Marks Diamond Jubilee. . . Rebecca Rogers, Author of "They Ask for Bread", Discusses Background of Book

NOVEMBER 22, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **AS** YOU KNOW, Birmingham is now making ready to celebrate her Diamond Jubilee. For months now, plans have been under way to make this occasion one long to be remembered.

Coincidental with all the celebrations in honor of Birmingham's birthday another event is taking place—one of importance to the literary world; for on November 28 the first novel by Birmingham's own Rebecca Rogers will appear. The name of this book—*They Ask for Bread*. Today we have with us the author herself. . . .

Mrs. Rogers, we've been wondering whether you're an Alabamian by birth or adoption?

I was born in Cheraw, a small town in the northeastern part of South Carolina; but I'm an Alabamian by adoption.

And you've lived in Birmingham a long time, is that correct?

Ever since I was a tiny tot—and the longer I live there, the more I love it!

*We're certainly glad to hear that. Now will you tell us, Mrs. Rogers, just how long you've been writing, and how long your book, *They Ask for Bread*, has taken?*

That's a hard question to answer. I think I have always scribbled—especially when I should have been studying geography or history. I've been writing seriously, though, for about eight-and-a-half years; and that's how long this book has taken.

Eight-and-a-half years is quite a long time. Were you working only on the book or did you do other writing during this period?

Well, I often thought I was writing short stories; but every time I'd finish one, I'd realize that I'd really just worked out the solution to another problem in my book. All of my writing—past, present, and future—has gone into *They Ask for Bread*.

That's a very challenging title, Mrs. Rogers. We understand it was suggested by a sermon by Bishop C. C. J. Carpenter. Did the

sermon motivate you to any extent beyond the title—that is, did it also suggest the theme of the book or was the book itself already planned?

That's really a hard question! I think the best way to answer that would be to say that all of the great and wise things that are done or said by the minister in my book were motivated by Bishop Carpenter and the other ministers we've had at the Church of the Advent—the unwise things . . . along with the gossip and naughty humor . . . were the product of my own imagination.

And you've combined the two into a wonderfully successful book, Mrs. Rogers. From the author's standpoint, how would you say the title applies to the theme of the novel?

It applies in two ways, and I think the artist has done a remarkably good job of showing that on the jacket. The pair of hands reaching up represent the hands of the world—old hands and young ones—fat, sleek hands and thin, withered ones—hands of all races and of all creeds—each with its story to tell—each asking for bread. Some, weary of dogma of stone, ask for the Bread of God—others seek bread to hold body and soul together.

They Ask for Bread then is a very significant and meaningful title. Now concerning the story—did you have the complete cast and plot in mind before you began, or did some of the incidents and characters "sneak up" on you?

From the beginning I knew what thought I wanted to convey—but that was the most unmanageable group of characters I have ever come across! They were constantly getting themselves—and me—into trouble . . . and I've had to cut out enough pages to keep our fire going all winter if we should have a coal shortage!

That's the way it is with most writers—never satisfied until perfection is reached. By the way, had you had any experiences (other than writing) that were helpful in writing this book?

Experience as a social service worker and as a labor interviewer have been definitely helpful to me in writing—but I think the most helpful experience was as a child when I sat beside my mother in the long winter evenings and listened to her read to us. There were times when nickels and dimes—and even pennies—were none too plentiful, but I can never remember a time when Mother didn't somehow manage to dig up the eighty-five cents or the dollar to buy worthwhile books.

Then you were made "book conscious", so to speak, in your early childhood even. Mrs. Rogers, some of us here on the campus would like to ask which college courses proved most helpful to you in writing this book?

Of course there was psychology and sociology, but I think without a doubt the most helpful course I've ever studied is typing. Without it I could never have had the patience to do this novel.

Now tell us, Mrs. Rogers, while you were writing They Ask for Bread, did you work under a fixed schedule?

I wish I could say that I am systematic, but I'll have to confess that I have to drag my typewriter into whatever part of the house I'm working.

Well, perhaps that's partly responsible for the very human quality of your book. Now in conclusion, Mrs. Rogers, there's one more question we're all anxious to ask. Do you have another book or story planned or at least in mind?

Absolutely not! I love people too much to shut myself away any longer. This book was something that had to be written, and I knew that I had to do the job. I've done my best and from now on this book is in the hands of the gods, but there aren't going to be others. More than once some member of my long-suffering family has had to dash to the corner grocery store to *ask for bread* because I burnt up the biscuits! . . .

R. F. D. Celebrates Golden Anniversary . . . Local Carrier Reviews Service

DECEMBER 6, 1946

♦ ♦ ♦ **W**ITH THE golden anniversary of the establishment of Alabama's Rural Free Delivery approaching on December 8, we became especially interested in our postal service as a whole. . . .

Early transportation of the mail is one of the colorful stories of our history and includes deliveries by peddlers or horse riders, or stage coaches, or boats. There's still one R.F.D. route, by the way, where mail is delivered by boat—and that's in Magnolia Springs, Alabama—the only route of its kind in the United States.

For a good many years, regular mail carriers rode horseback. There were no regular post offices, and they left their mail at inns or private homes. Often the recipients never knew about their letters.

Perhaps the most interesting post office was on the shore of a bay at the southern end of Africa. In olden days, sea voyages from England to India were by the Cape of Good Hope. Sailors often wished to send letters back home but met no other ships bound for England. Therefore, when they got to the Cape of Good Hope, they put letters under a big stone. On the top of the stone was scratched "Look here-under for letters." The next homeward bound ship always stopped at the rock and picked up any letters there. There was also a post office of the same kind at Cape Horn on the southern tip of South America.

Right here in Alabama there have been some odd post offices. In Collierine, near Selma, there is still standing an old tree which once served as post office for the small community. Mail was brought over the dirt roads by wagons or mail riders who left letters in a deep hole on the side of the tree.

Even before Alabama was a state, a mail route was out through the part of the Mississippi Territory that is now our State. In October of 1805 the Cherokees, at Tellico Blockhouse, granted the right for a mail route from Knoxville to New Orleans along the Tombigbee.

The carriers who traveled through this unsettled Indian country were often in danger of their lives. In 1813 between Burnt Corn

and the Escambia, Griggs, a mailrider, was seized, robbed, and left on the Federal road. The stolen mail was taken to Pensacola and rifled of its contents in a Spanish trading house.

Yes, Alabama has quite a few adventure stories to tell regarding her struggle for an efficient postal system. But as the years passed, the postal service became a network of hundreds of routes, joining every country village, town and city.

Then there began to develop special services and means of distribution: mail was classified into first, second, third or fourth classes; foreign service began; Collect on Delivery began; a money-order system was established; the Parcel Post Act was created; a postal savings system inaugurated; Special Delivery began; and several other services arose.

Village delivery service was established. R.F.D., a service by carriers to rural inhabitants, was inaugurated as an experimental service in 1896. More than eight million families in rural America today are benefactors of this service, which reaches every area in the country. . . .

We have with us today a man who is a rural carrier, Mr. P. D. Pendleton, who has agreed to answer a few questions about his duties and responsibilities.

We'd just like to ask you a few questions about our R.F.D. in Alabama, Mr. Pendleton. Do you have any idea how many families receive this service?

Yes, I think Rural Free Delivery brings mail to more than 300,000 Alabama families. It's common-place like telephones or electric lights.

It has certainly become an invaluable service. Will you tell us exactly when the R.F.D. was begun in Alabama?

It began just two months after the first route was established at Charles Town, West Virginia. That would make Alabama's first route December 7, 1896. It was started at Opelika.

Then Saturday is the golden anniversary of Alabama's R.F.D. The first carriers had a hazardous time. Do you happen to know who the very first carrier was?

I think James T. Ross was the first R.F.D. carrier in Alabama, at a salary of two hundred dollars a year.

Two hundred dollars certainly is a small sum for such a trying job. Carriers must have had quite a number of hardships. But you've had some difficult times too, haven't you, Mr. Pendleton?

Oh, yes, I've had my difficulties, along with every other rural carrier. In bad weather I get stuck quite often and have to walk back into town or find someone who'll get me out. Why, during the war, I even had to borrow tires to use on my mail car; and more than once I was down to the last gasoline ration stamp before any more would come in.

We should imagine that such situations caused quite a few headaches. Just how long have you had this job, Mr. Pendleton?

Well, I've been at it for twenty-one years.

And just what changes have taken place?

At first my routes were 26 miles, but they grew longer and longer and now I cover 67.2 miles a day. This means about eleven or twelve miles per hour.

Isn't 67.2 miles quite a route for one day?

Well, I make it in about six hours. But I do have the longest route in this county. Some place in California has the longest known route of 101 miles, and then there are routes as short as six miles.

A six mile route doesn't seem very long in comparison with your 67-mile route. Now tell us, Mr. Pendleton, how many families do you serve?

I have about 2000 families on my route, and the most confusing part of this is that over a hundred families have the same name of Lucas; there are two people with exactly the same name, and the only way I keep their mail separated is by their box numbers.

Imagine a hundred families with the same name! This must be very confusing.

No, it's not so bad. What really makes things a little confusing is for people to use two names or to have letters for kids not "in-care-of" their parents' name.

Yes, I can see that this would be difficult. Now tell us, Mr. Pendleton, what various types of mail you handle?

I handle anything that can be sent by mail—letters, packages, mail-orders—everything the post office handles. As to the kinds

of mail I handle, I'd say there is more second class matter. First class, along with farm magazines, comes next. Then I deliver Special Deliveries and packages, which in Spring are usually baby chicks.

You mean you deliver baby chicks!

Oh, yes, and also cabbage plants, eggs or tomato plants. Then, too, I bring those sentimental letters covered with lipstick, SWAK, and the such.

Oh, yes, and we suppose you're overloaded with these in the Springtime. We'd like to know, Mr. Pendleton, if you've ever been asked to do any errands outside the line of duty.

Yes, but not so much lately as in years gone by. I've gone after doctors and have even been asked to conjure off warts.

Never a dull moment for our rural carriers. In conclusion now, Mr. Pendleton, we'd like to know the most outstanding incident that has occurred during your twenty-one years service.

Well, the strangest thing that ever happened to me was some years ago. When I left my home to go to work, I had a wife and one child; but when I came back home in a few hours, I had a wife and three children . . . My wife had had twins.

Really! That must have been quite a surprise to come home to. And you certainly have a right to claim this as your most memorable experience. . . .

Alabama Newspapers Reflect Varied and Colorful History of State

JANUARY 17, 1947

♦ ♦ ♦ **W**E READ this week of an interesting event taking place in Alabama. You probably saw it in the newspapers, too. Down near Fairhope, in Baldwin County, Mrs. Elinor Graham, widely known author, is at work on a historical novel. Now it's not just *any* historical novel, but one that should be of special interest to Alabamians, for she's basing the novel on one of the most fascinating *true* tales in all Alabama history. You remember studying about William Weatherford, don't you? Of course you'll probably remember him as Red Eagle, a Creek warrior, nephew of Alexander McGillivray who was himself one of the most colorful figures of Alabama history. . . .

But getting back to the newspaper, we also read of another book just released—this one by an Alabamian, Dr. Rhoda C. Ellison. This book isn't a novel but a *monograph* of all Alabama publications between 1807 and 1870. It's mainly designed as source material for historians, but then we can all be proud of it. It covers all newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and other material published during the 1807-70 span. Dr. Ellison found that a majority of the periodicals concerned either—yes, you've guessed it!—politics or religion, with temperance journals following along closely. There was one called *Dollar Whig* advocating this party's policies, and another opposing this party and called the *Coon Hunter*.

We don't know just how these names came into being, but the origin of some of them is fairly easy to see. For example, there was *The Weekly Atlas and Secession Banner* published in Montgomery in 1851; and there was another entitled the *Reconstructionist* in Tuscaloosa in 1868. . . .

Miller and Hood, the first two newspaper men in what is now Alabama, came in 1811, journeying with their printing outfit by land from Chattanooga to Mim's Ferry on the Alabama River, and from there to Fort Stoddert by boat. At that time Fort Stoddert was the United States military and customs port just above the Spanish line; and the two men couldn't cross it to go to Mobile, which was still in Spanish hands. They did get over the line, how-

ever, with the invading army; but that wasn't until 1813—two years later.

While they were waiting at St. Stephens, they began to publish their paper, the *Mobile Centinel*, in 1811—the same year that Huntsville was incorporated. Yet surprising as it may seem, it is not certain that any of the sixteen issues of the *Mobile Centinel* were published in Mobile, a town then of less than 2,000 inhabitants.

There were four pages with four columns each, and the subscription price was four dollars a year. Despite all the hardships of printing, the cost was as little as that. But then, in the pioneer days of Alabama some settlers hardly ever saw four dollars at one time.

The publishers found themselves often financing a paper without paid subscriptions, having to bring in all news and office supplies without the aid of railroads, and sometimes even printing without printers. Publishers today can sympathize with them, we're sure! However, the frontier newspaper continued to flourish and spread.

As to the second Alabama newspaper, most authorities agree that it was the *Mobile Gazette*, begun in 1815; although some say that Thomas Eastin published a newspaper at St. Stephens in the same year. Others say that Eastin's publication, *Halcyon and Tombigbee Advertiser*, did not appear until 1818; and at least one copy, bearing the date of September 5, 1818, is still in existence. . . .

It is possible, however, that the *Mobile Gazette* appeared even before 1815. Josiah Blakely, writing from Mobile to his sister, Abby, in 1812, stated that, "By the *Gazette* you will be informed of the state of the country," and mentioned the *Gazette* twice in his letter. Judging from this, we would think it possible that the paper was regularly printed in Mobile even as early as 1811.

Early historians, however, did not recognize an authentic *Gazette* until 1815. Records of Mobile shown an order for printing an advertisement in *Gazette* in April of that year; and authorities therefore, probably accepted this as the first official notice of the existence of the paper.

There is a memorandum that a newspaper was started in Mobile before the Battle of New Orleans (1815) by a man named Beard, but nothing more is known of the enterprise.

In 1821 another paper began in Mobile. It was called the *Mobile Register and Commercial Advertiser*. By 1823 it was big enough

to absorb the old *Gazette* and continue its policy of good will which continues to the present day. Another paper begun during the 1820's which we still read is the *Alabama Journal* from Montgomery.

Scores of weekly papers started after Alabama was admitted to the union, but most of them folded up business after a few weeks. Among these, however, there are two that are still going strong—the Moulton *Advertiser*, begun in 1828, and the *Planters Gazette*, which you know today as the *Montgomery Advertiser*.

Birmingham's first newspaper was known as *The Jones Valley Times* and was published at Elyton, then the county seat. This first issue came out in 1845. It seems that the paper expressed no political opinion and lasted only two years. So the *Times* was bought—lock, stock, and barrel—by Dr. J. R. Smith and Baylis Grace. These gentlemen called their paper the *Central Alabamian*. It had its policies all right, but the owners differed among themselves in opinion, and the paper lasted only one year.

Well, the paper went from one buyer to another, being known as the *Central Alabamian*, and the *Elyton Herald*. By 1871 Birmingham had come into corporate existence. This time Robert Henly, Birmingham's first mayor, bought the outfit and moved it over to the new city, and with the same type and press started the Birmingham *Sun*, a weekly newspaper. He later sold this publication to Matthews and McLaughlin, who changed its name to the *Independent*.

The first daily newspaper in Birmingham was called the *Daily Iron Age* and began in 1872. It also changed hands and names in 1881. Now it was the *Daily Age*. Shortly after another paper came along, called the *Daily Herald*. It merged with the *Daily Age*—thus we have the *Age-Herald*. It seems to have done well since its change of name because it is still a prominent newspaper in Birmingham today.

The Birmingham *News* was formed next; and the two publications merged, with the *Age-Herald* as the morning edition, and the *News*, the evening edition. For the Sunday edition everything merges, and we have the *News-Age-Herald*.

Besides the papers mentioned, there have been several others to start in Birmingham. For instance, there's the *Alabama Christian Advocate*, the *Alabama Baptist*, the *Alabama Medical Journal*, the

Labor Advocate, and last year saw the beginning of *Tab*, edited by Perkins J. Prewitt.

This last publication is a very unusual one, and we'd like to tell you a little something about it. Those of you who live in Birmingham probably know it already and know the job it's doing, but did you realize that it is the only paper of its kind in the entire United States? Appearing on Sunday only, the first issue made its debut last February. This periodical centers around the younger generation, meaning that young people dominate the news and adults play a secondary role . . . The weekly is up-to-date on the doings of young people all over the state and presents world news and events in a way that appeals to this group.

So, you see, every day something happens which fits right in and carries progress of Alabama. Someday our papers will be treasured relics also, and our descendants will experience the same thrill in reading them that we find in such an item that General Wade Hampton had just visited Fort Stoddert and the two column interview the Mobile *Centinel* carried. . . .

Montgomery Celebrates Centennial . . .

Review of First Hundred Years

JANUARY 24, 1947

♦ ♦ ♦ **I**T'S BEEN quite a week for us here in Alabama. Another chapter in our history has begun, and Alabama's first governor of its second century has just taken office in Montgomery. The gaiety and festivity going on in our capitol this week remind us of another time one hundred years ago when news came that Montgomery had been selected as the site for the state capital. So, in tribute to this great city and its century of service, we'd like to tell you a little about how Montgomery was selected.

But first let us tell you a little of its founding. It started long before white men set foot in Alabama, you know. Indians were living in a village on the present site of Montgomery, but they called it E-cun-cha-te, which means "Red Earth".

And it seems to have been a thriving village because it was near Coosada, near Hickory Ground, and near Charles Weatherford's famous race track between Pickett Springs and Coosada Ferry. All the famous Indians visited it at one time or another. The Alabama River often flooded other villages, and Ecunchate was the most convenient stopping point for travelers. . . .

It was in the fall of 1811 (just after Jackson had defeated the Indians, some of whom were still hiding in the woods) that Arthur Moore built the first white man's cabin in what is now Montgomery. This old log cabin was a relic for many years, tucked away on the Alabama River; but it finally crumbled into oblivion.

Then came a man named Andrew Dexter who bought a tract of land just east of the Indian village called Hostile Bluff. He wanted people to help him make a settlement here and even went so far as to give a lot to any trader setting up a store there. J. G. Klink was the first to do this, but many others soon followed, and so this village began to flourish.

Dexter was either very far-sighted or very optimistic because he even set aside a tract of land for the state capitol. And sure enough, thirty years later the capitol was moved from Tuscaloosa to Montgomery, in fact, to the very site Dexter had chosen.

At the beginning Dexter called his settlement "New Philadelphia" because it was such a busy place. Then a new village sprang up on each side, one called East Alabama and one called Alabama. Finally the three joined and were named Montgomery in honor of Lemuel P. Montgomery, who lost his life in the battle of Horseshoe Bend.

Those early settlers were never short on entertainment. They visited Weatherford's race track, they watched the Indians play ball, went to dancing schools, and enjoyed the numerous parties given by town people . . . The newspapers of that day carried such ads as: "Wanted: to exchange a gun and rifle for bricks" or "Wanted: planks and shingles in exchange for a good saddle horse."

Once when the town government needed money, the city officials placed a tax on dogs. It seems that a family was allowed *one* dog free of tax, but each additional one cost the owner fifty cents a year. . . .

The first steamboat to come from Mobile was the *Harriet*. It was fairly loaded with cargo and made the trip in only ten days. This was the beginning of Montgomery as a trading center. People came from near and far to ship or sell. Then too there was a stage coach line making weekly trips from Montgomery to towns all along the Chattahoochee River or even into Georgia. From this flourishing beginning, Montgomery has continued to grow and is today perhaps the most famous southern city.

But a little more about Montgomery's early days. Its real history began January 28, 1846, when the final ballot of the Senate and House of Representatives showed that Montgomery was to be the new site for the state capitol . . . Word was brought by the Selma stage, and immediately celebrations began that would almost live up to our modern gaieties.

First off, the drums of the *Montgomery True Blues* were heard. A squad hauled out the old six-pounder and rolled it up Capitol Hill. Then for every vote cast for Montgomery on that last ballot, the cannon thundered out through the night. For sixty-eight times it was fired, and sixty-eight times it was answered by the Old Democratic Gun on another hill. People gathered all round, speeches were made, songs were sung, and toasts were drunk.

The next morning, the City Council met and proposed that citizens illuminate the town that *very* evening (Saturday) and that

the *Blues* fire 100 guns—the first one to start the celebration. So, at eight o'clock when the first gun was fired, all of Market Street, now Dexter Avenue, fairly glowed. Some private houses were even brilliantly illuminated. The streets were crowded with people; even the ladies were induced to come out to witness this scene. A band played, and parties were held at various and many places. All in all, every man was in a good humor.

The City Council immediately began to petition the citizens to raise \$75,000 in bonds for the erection of a Capitol building; and in 1847 a completed structure was turned over to the first biennial session of the legislature.

However, the second session had been in progress only one month and two days when the Capitol caught fire. All efforts to save the building, containing the important documents just moved from Tuscaloosa, were in vain. Within three hours the structure burned to the ground, carrying with it the fine state library of early documents.

Naturally, such a catastrophe was very discouraging; and there were some fifty propositions to move the capital. Montgomery fought them all off, however; and within two months had cleared the way for construction of our present building. This structure is believed to be built on the cornerstone of the first—and in this cornerstone was placed in 1846 by the Masonic Order in Montgomery a "time capsule". So, you see, that the one buried during the New York World's Fair in 1939, wasn't a new idea at all. Alabamians had done that nearly a hundred years before.

In their cornerstone were placed papers containing two of General Taylor's official reports dealing with the Mexican War, then in progress; a copy of the Montgomery paper describing the edifice, the last annual communication of the Grand Lodge, an Alabama Almanac for 1846; a city bond; a history of Montgomery; roster of members of the last Legislature; specimens of American coins; Masonic symbols; the *Holy Bible*; and the "Silver Key".

While the new building was under construction, the legislature met temporarily in various hotels and other places; but it continued its work. In the Senate a bill was passed to establish a State Mental Hospital in Alabama; at the same time the House was making plans for the appointment of a State Geologist, and for a geological survey of the State.

And taking a glance at world news, we find it was no more reassuring than today. An early issue of the *Alabama Journal* carried the news that "the British fleet had been withdrawn from the Dardanelles . . . Diplomatic relations had been renewed between Russia and Turkey, and Austria had expressed satisfaction with the declaration of the Turkish government that Hungarian refugees would be transported. . . .

"The Austrian cabinet had made a formal protest against a convocation of a German Parliament; and Prussia had made a response that she would maintain her rights. . . .

"Letters from Constantinople speak of fresh disturbances between Russia and Turkey."

The paper went on to advertise a circus coming to Montgomery in the near future, and many other items which remind us of present-day situations. The housing shortage constituted a serious problem, for Montgomery's population was nearly doubled by the time the first state legislature convened there. Local paper carried this article:

"Accommodations for Strangers—It is quite probable that we shall be a little squeezed for room during the approaching session of the legislature. The influx from the eastern counties at that time will be very great. It is reasonable to calculate, we think, that during the greater part of the session, there will be 3,000 strangers in the city.

"How so great a number is to be accommodated remains to be seen. The 'Hall', the 'Exchange', the 'Madison House', and the 'City Hotel', cannot comfortably board, with lodging, more than 500 persons. If the boarding arrangement at the Rialto Restaurant is continued, 100 more can be boarded there, having rooms elsewhere. . . .

"We suppose there may be 6 or 8 private boarding houses, but they can entertain but a few persons, comparatively. We know, however, that every family in our hospitable city, will do whatever it can, towards taking care of visitors—still we have, unavoidably, a terrible jam."

In 1852 Montgomery was faced with another worry—the traffic problem. There were too many buggies in the streets and too much speeding. One of the papers of the time carried this parody, to the tune of "Comin' Throu' the Rye":

If a buggy meet a buggy
Coming down the street
Is it right to run together
When the buggies meet?
Every driver has his failings—
They're but men at last—
But coming up or going down,
Should they drive so fast?

Well, that enough of that. Montgomery lived through the housing shortage and the traffic problem, but the yellow fever epidemic in 1854 was harder. In October of that year, sixty-two people died. Among those contributing to the Montgomery Relief Club was a youngster named Sidney Lanier who gave ten dollars.

We've spent quite a while today discussing Montgomery's early history. The Montgomery and the Alabama of today are familiar to us all. As ex-governor Sparks said, "One hundred years is a long time in the lives of humans. It is not so long in the lives of States. But one hundred years can make a great change in both."

Secession Flag Returned to Alabama . . . Confederate Flag of Truce Borne by Thomas Goode Jones, Author of Lawyers' Code

FEBRUARY 14, 1947

♦ ♦ ♦ **SUNDAY (DAY - AFTER - TOMORROW)** is another memorable date. We'll give you a hint: the event making this day important concerns Alabama and took place in 1895—only 52 years ago.

Alabama at that time was just beginning to settle down to business as a full-fledged state. Of course, she actually was admitted into the Union in 1819; but during the War Between the States she seceded and wasn't given full state's rights again until 1868. Now it would seem that Alabama would immediately adopt a state flag after her readmittance, but it wasn't until twenty-seven years later that a flag was created.

John W. A. Sanford, Jr., a member of the Legislature from Montgomery County introduced a bill asking the Legislature to adopt a state flag. This bill passed both houses and was signed by Governor William C. Oates, February 16, 1895.

. . . The new banner was the same size as the Confederate emblem, with the cross of St. Andrew extending diagonally across it. A white background, symbolizing purity, with a red cross, symbolizing courage, were also decided upon. The first model of our state flag was made of white domestic and red calico, and this sample copy was unfurled in the House of Representatives when Mr. Sanford introduced the bill.

The new emblem was adopted, and the same flag flies over our state capital today. But that's only one of the many flags Alabama has been under during her long history, for some parts of our state have been under six other banners.

Four centuries ago the Spanish explorer, Hernando DeSoto, led an adventuresome band of followers through the territory that

is now Alabama. These were the first white men to set foot on this land, and theirs was the first flag to fly over us.

However, the Castilian court finally gave way to the strong French settlement planted on Mobile Bay in 1711, and so the French flag was raised. Then British influence soon became dominant, and still another emblem fluttered over our state. Finally, the young American republic enforced its claim to the land, and for the first time the flag of the United States flew over this section of the country.

These stories of our many flags are familiar to all of us, but little attention has ever been paid to the happenings behind still another banner. In 1861, forty-two years after Alabama had become a state, war broke out between the North and South. This state was one of the first to secede from the Union; and for three weeks, until the organization of the Confederate States, it stood alone. During this three-week interval, Alabama hoisted still another flag over the capitol building at Montgomery. It was called the "secession" flag and was presented to the "secession" convention by a group of Montgomery women. Symbol of the Republic of Alabama, this flag was made of pure silk. On one side was the figure of a woman (symbolizing the republic); on the other a coiled rattlesnake, a cotton plant, and the coat of arms of Alabama.

Although this banner figuratively "waved" over the state for twenty-four days, old records in the Department of Archives and History indicate that it was flown over the capitol only 12 hours. Because it was made of silk, it was considered too delicate to stand much wind and weather. So at the end of the first day, the flag was lowered and placed in the Governor's office. And, so far as records show, it was never raised again.

From the Governor's office it was captured by a soldier of the Iowa Eighth Cavalry, part of Wilson's raiders, who passed through Montgomery on April 12, 1865. Alabama thus lost track of the relic and for more than half a century was unable to locate it. Then came 1929, and a member of the staff of the Alabama State Department of Archives and History, visiting the Iowa Historical Department, happened upon a sealed case containing a silk flag. Casually reading the inventory card, she found that it was "a secession flag hoisted at Montgomery, Alabama."

Immediately she recognized it as the lost flag of the Republic, and every attempt was made to procure it for the Alabama

Historical Department. It was another ten years before this was accomplished, but in 1939 the Iowa legislature voted to have the flag returned. So, almost three-quarters of a century after it was captured, the flag of the Republic of Alabama was returned to Alabama. A "color guard" carefully brought the relic from Iowa to Montgomery, and Governor Dixon officially accepted it at a joint session of the Alabama Legislature.

So then, you see that in all seven different flags have flown over Alabama: the Spanish, the French, the British, Old Glory, the Flag of the Republic of Alabama, the Confederate flag, and our State Flag. . . .

And now for another story about a flag; and incidentally, about a man. Thomas Goode Jones, you recall, served as governor of Alabama from 1890 to 1894. When the War Between the States broke out, he was at V. M. I. and had studied military science with Stonewall Jackson; so he eagerly accepted a call to serve as drill-master for the Confederate soldiers; and his daring deeds soon proved him worthy of swift advancement from private to major. Toward the end of the war there came a day when Lee made his desperate attempt to break through the line of steel at Petersburg. It was left to a picked group of three hundred men to charge the Federal defenses, and at their head rode a twenty-one year old major—Thomas Goode Jones.

Then on the fateful morning of April 9, 1962, Lee saw that his battered fragment of an army was completely exhausted. There was nothing left to do but send a flag of truce to General Grant. The bearer of that flag was young Major Jones.

And so with surrender, there came to an end Thomas Goode Jones' army services. But his contributions to the South did not end. He became a resident of Alabama and took part in state affairs as lawyer, councilman, legislator, Speaker of the House, and as Governor. He was author of the Alabama Lawyers' Code of Ethics—the first adopted in the United States—which won for him national fame and influenced other states to form similar codes. It also became the corner stone for the canons adopted by the American Bar Association.

Descendants of Thomas Goode Jones have proved themselves loyal statesmen also. There's his son, Walter B. Jones, judge for the fifteenth judicial circuit of Alabama, whose speech on war poems of the Southern Confederacy came to our attention recently.

Given before the 56th annual Reunion of United Confederate Veterans and later published in booklet form, this address included historical accounts of Confederate writers and times as well as selections from their work. In this group Alabama takes particular pride because she lays part claim to two of them: Sidney Lanier and Father Ryan.

The latter, you know, was considered "Poet Laureate of the Confederacy", and served during the war as a Confederate army chaplain. Of course, Virginia, along with Alabama, claims Father Ryan as her citizen since he was born in Norfolk; but it was really while he was living in Mobile that he became famous. In that historic city he composed most of his poems . . . and today there stands in Mobile a statue of Father Ryan, his hands uplifted as if still blessing the city he loved. . . .

Mellanie Brantley, First WAC into Germany and Only Woman on Staff of Stars and Stripes, Relates War Experiences

FEBRUARY 21, 1947

♦ ♦ ♦ **H**ELLO, EVERYONE! Today we bring you the story of a young Alabamian who made an outstanding contribution to the morale of our Army during the recent war. She is former Sergeant Mellanie Benton Brantley, of Blue Springs, Barbour County, and wife of James Brantley, of Montgomery. Her story is filled with excitement and interest, but we can't even begin to tell you all the things that happened to her. The only one who can really do that is Mrs. Brantley, herself; so today we have her here in the studio with us to answer questions about her army career.

We understand that you were the first WAC into Germany, Mrs. Brantley. Will you tell us if this is correct?

Yes, I believe that I was assigned to work inside Germany before any WAC Detachment had been sent there. I first went to Germany after the fall of Aachen in the Autumn of 1944. We were printing the *Stars and Stripes* in Liege, Belgium; and I had gone to Aachen to see my brother who was assigned to a Calvary Recon outfit.

I waited in a foxhole around twenty-four hours for his return from a patrol into enemy territory. We were under constant bombardment from Germany artillery which didn't help our sleeping one bit. My brother returned about eleven o'clock the next morning with a small remnant of his outfit. All the others had been killed, in the beginning of the German offensive, later called "The Battle of The Bulge".

Then my actual assignment to Germany came in the early part of 1945 with the Allied thrust into Germany around Frankfort and Hiedelberg. I went with the first *Stars and Stripes* contingent to print our first German Edition of the soldiers paper.

Wasn't it a bit unusual for the Stars and Stripes to have a woman on its staff?

I guess it was a bit out of the ordinary for a woman to be assigned to an outfit with 267 men, but then the entire contribution

to the war effort made by the Women's Army Corps was a bit out of the ordinary. . . .

How many women had served on the Stars and Stripes?

Up to the time I served with the *Stars and Stripes* two women had preceded me. In the earliest days of the continental editions printed on the beaches of Normandy, the first WAC to work with the paper was killed in Cherbourg by German Artillery; and the second was transferred after a very short time. I served on the staff of this publication from the Summer of 1944 until the Fall of 1945. I went into Paris the day of her liberation. . . .

We understand that you were in charge of organizing the Stars and Stripes "War Orphan Fund." Won't you tell us how this was started?

The Stars and Stripes War Orphan Fund really began to operate in a big way in the first months of the Invasion in 1944. The idea originated in England during the preparatory period of Invasion. A damaged plane, returning from a bombing mission over Germany, crashed over a dwelling and killed the parents of two small English children. The men of this Airforce outfit collected enough money to support those two orphaned children until they are grown.

Following so close behind our powerful war machine, we saw many more orphaned children huddled around small fires or crouching in corners of the ruins of their former homes, hungry, cold, ragged, and without any immediate prospects of aid in any form. Being Americans, we couldn't leave children like that; so practically every company and battalion in our forces unofficially adopted a child. . . .

My major, who was production manager of all Continental editions of *The Stars and Stripes*, arranged through the International Red Cross to have an agency set up to take care of these children. Civil Affairs and the future U. S. Embassy for France (who were in Normandy awaiting their chance to set up operations in Paris) were most interested and encouraged the idea to the extent that when the "*Stars and Stripes War Orphans Fund*" got so big I couldn't handle it, two American Red Cross women were assigned to *Stars and Stripes* to take it over.

This grew by leaps and bounds after you had it started, didn't it?

Yes, we printed letters in *Stars and Stripes* telling outfits that if they would like their children placed in authorized schools or orphanages under the direction and supervision of the International Red Cross and Civil Affairs, they could do so by collecting the required amount of money and by bringing us the money and the child. An average company has 150 men, and \$20 from each man is \$3,000. This is amply sufficient to educate a child in these orphanages until he's eighteen years old.

Children poured in . . . Money poured in . . . money from outfits that hadn't picked up a child. A letter from a front-line infantry outfit is typical of many:

"Dear Sgt. Brantley: Enclosed is our money order for sponsoring an orphaned child. . . . Get us a little boy that is six years old . . . brown eyes and brown hair . . . preferably one without an arm or a leg if you find one, or just any child that you think needs it. . . ."

You can see how enormous the thing turned out to be . . . Every day, some times several times in a day, a jeep would roll up to our headquarters wherever we were. On the jeep would be a soldier and a little child. All kinds of soldiers and all kinds of children.

The scene of parting was always the same: The soldier unashamedly kneeling beside the child, hugging it close to him, fondling its cheeks and hair, begging the child not to forget him; whispering, "I wouldn't leave you, but its better for you this way . . . we're moving up in a few days."

I always felt a great peace in such moments; for in this age of cynicism and scepticism, here in a land ravaged with war and desolation was the deepest symbol of sentiment and goodness—an American soldier and a little French child.

During the time I worked with *Stars and Stripes*, something over 20,000 orphans had been sponsored in this fashion. . . .

What was the attitude of the overseas personnel toward the Stars and Strips?

The overseas personnel always seemed to have the greatest appreciation for their paper, for they actually felt it was theirs. It was written and edited by GI's. Censorship was light enough

to enable stories of the warfronts to be published freely, giving names and accounts of heroes. . . .

As feature writer for this publication, you made several trips to the front lines, did you not?

Yes, I made many trips to the front lines and served three months in actual battle areas. When we went into Germany to print the first edition of *Stars and Stripes*, we crossed the Rhine with the 803rd Tank Destroyer battalion; and just as our jeep rolled onto the other side, a heavy Germany Artillery shell hit the center of the bridge; and it sank into the river. About a dozen armed vehicles sank with the bridge.

This was about an hour and a half before sundown, and by dark an engineering combat team had laid another steel temporary bridge, and our armies rolled on.

And after eight days overseas training you served in the European theater for eighteen months. I believe you told me your brother had thirty months in the same theater. Was your husband in the European theater as well?

No, my husband was in the Pacific theater. He served there nearly three years. The three of us; my husband, my brother, and I are all here in school together now.

Do you think the time you spent in the service had a very great effect on your outlook on life?

I think my period of service has had a definite influence on my outlook. I have gained a richer and fuller appreciation of the values of life from having served my country in the capacity of a woman soldier.

And do you feel that you are better students now than perhaps you would have been before your military service?

Yes, I do feel that all three of us, my brother, my husband and I are better students; certainly we are more conscious of the great value that can be derived from knowledge and association. We are all deeply thankful that we could help to win the war; but most of all, we are grateful for our country, our state, and for this beautiful, peaceful, and worthwhile college here in the center of Alabama. . . .

Dr. M. M. Mathews, Alabama Lexicographer, Discusses American English

APRIL 25, 1947

♦ ♦ ♦ **T**ODAY OUR GUEST is Dr. Mitford M. Mathews, who is appearing on the Alabama College campus this week as speaker for the Dancy Foundation Lectures.

The Dancy Lectures were inaugurated here in 1939 through an endowment presented to the Alabama College Speech and English Departments by Miss Unity D. Dancy, of Morgan County. Every two years the lectures are held, and a scholar of national reputation is invited to present original or fresh criticisms related to the development of Southern culture. In the past our speakers have been Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, who spoke on "A Review of Southern Historical Literature"; Louis Mumford, who discussed "Southern Architecture"; and Dr. Francis P. Gaines, who delivered addresses on "Southern Oratory."

Now once again Alabama College plays host to a great scholar and a great Alabamian, Dr. Mitford M. Mathews. A native of Clarke County, Dr. Mathews received most of his schooling in this state. During World War I he was an Ensign in the Navy, and after the war he served as high school principal at Moundville and at Talladega.

In 1925 Dr. Mathews began the work which was to make him famous. He enrolled at the University of Chicago as a graduate student and was employed on the staff of the *Dictionary of American English*. The study of our native speech was so fascinating that Dr. Mathews decided to remain in this type of work.

Today he is in charge of the Dictionary Office of the University of Chicago Press, and is editor of *The Dictionary of Americanisms*. This work will include only those words and those meanings that arose in this country.

And now "Alabama Feature Page" brings you Miss Ellen-Haven Gould, chairman of the Dancy Lecture Committee, and head of the Department of Speech at Alabama College, who will interview Dr. Mathews.

Dr. Mathews, we should like for you to tell us something of

your work. How was the idea for this "Dictionary of Americanisms" born?

In the Spring of 1944, when Sir William Craigie's *Dictionary of American English* had been completed, it seemed to be a very good plan indeed to the gentlemen of the University of Chicago Press to have prepared a dictionary that would include only those words and those senses of words that originated in this country. Consequently, upon the conclusion in 1944 of the *Dictionary of American English*, or as we usually refer to it, the D. A. E., I was employed by the press and given a small staff for the purpose of preparing the copy for this all-American Dictionary. . . .

How will the "Dictionary of Americanisms" differ from the Oxford and other dictionaries?

So far as the difference between this work and the *Oxford English Dictionary* is concerned, this work will, just as the *Oxford Dictionary*, be on historical principles. That is to say, all the senses and all the words included in this dictionary will be illustrated by excerpts from newspapers, books, and other printed sources. In that way it will be similar to the *Oxford English Dictionary*. But the scope that this dictionary will cover will be restricted, as I indicated before, to those words that we have originated here in America. In that way it will differ from the O. E. D. It will differ from other dictionaries in the same way. Other dictionaries endeavor to include all the words of the language—this dictionary will not. We shall indicate that we are restricting ourselves to those words Americans have made. . . .

What type of words are included?

The words we are including in the present dictionary fall into three groups. In the first place, we are including as Americanisms those hundreds and hundreds of terms that we have borrowed. In the settling of this country there have been many people from many lands who have contributed their labor to making this country what it is. They have come from all sections of the earth and from them we have borrowed terms that we incorporated into our common everyday American languages.

In addition, we have borrowed a large number of terms from the American Indians. In fact, it has been estimated that, exclusive of the proper names which we have taken from the various Indian languages, there are no less than 7,000 common names and common

words that we have borrowed from the American Indians. We not only took the lands of the American Indians but we also took a large part of their vocabulary.

Then, in second place, we have effected in this country new combinations of words as in *rockingchair*. Both the elements in the combination are old; *rocking* and *chair*. Just as in the case of another Americanism, *cow-catcher*. Both the elements in *cow-catcher* are old, but the combination of them into one word is new.

And then the third type of words that we have included in this dictionary, are those that we have, as it were, manufactured over here. For example,, we have manufactured the word *appendicitis*, the word *electrocute*, and the word *hydrant*, and many, many other terms of a similar source.

How many words did you find that actually had their beginnings in America?

So far as I know, nobody has ever counted the number of terms that have originated in this country, and it might be very difficult indeed to do that until we arrive at a clearer understanding of what is meant by a word. For example, *black* is a word, and *bird*, is a word, but *blackbird* is also a word. So, while it is difficult to draw a specific definition for a word, it is perfectly safe to say that at least 20,000 terms have been added to the resources of our English vocabulary here in this country.

How can you tell whether a word originated in America?

In a great many cases it is easy to arrive at an intelligent conclusion with regard to the place or origin of any particular term. If we have on this side of the water a thing that is found nowhere else, then it is very likely that the word which we have used to designate that thing is an American contribution to the language.

For example, in this country we are all familiar with hickory trees. These trees do not grow anywhere but in this country . . . The word *hickory*, therefore, is a good candidate for a dictionary that will include all of those words that originated in this country.

How do you account for the fact that new words have come into our language?

Whenever a person thinks anything that has never been thought before, whenever a person invents something that has not

been invented before, whenever a person has an idea that has not been entertained before, his need for a new word to express the new idea is urgent. The reason we have contributed a great many words to the language in this country is to be found in the fact that we have done a great many things here that have never been done before anywhere where the English language is spoken.

What are some of the words that Americans have made up?

The Americans have made up a good many words, such as those I have just enumerated. For example, *appendicitis* is a word which was made up in this country in 1886. It was made in that year by a famous physician in Harvard University. No evidence for the term *appendicitis* can be found earlier than 1886.

In the same way, *hydrant* is a word that was made in this country in 1887 or thereabouts. It was made in connection with the first waterwork system ever installed in Philadelphia, Philadelphia being the first American city ever to install anything which approximated a modern city waterwork system.

Is it true that Noah Webster invented only one word?

That's right. In 1793 or 1794 Noah Webster set the word *demoralize* into the English language. He was quite well aware of what he was doing at the time he did it, and predicted that the word, since it filled a long-felt need, would remain a permanent part of the vocabulary as it has indeed done. . . .

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